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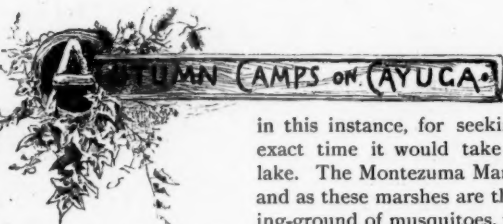
How to grow old gracefully is a question the canoeist is never compelled to ask.

He does not grow old. The first dip of his paddle after a winter and summer's work freshens every power of mind and muscle. In one moment his youth is renewed.

Our canoes were waiting us at Medina, on the banks of the Erie Canal. We were on our way from Niagara to New York by canoe and canal-boat. We expected to cruise down the Erie Canal, the River Clyde and Cayuga Lake to Ithaca, thence by rail to Deposit, from Deposit down the Delaware River to Easton, and, if time permitted, through the Morris Canal to New York.

The days on the canal were far from being the least interesting of the cruise. Part of the way to the "carry," from the canal to the Clyde River, we spent on the "Bruce." Our novel experience of canal life made us loth to leave, though we had to travel as steerage passengers. No one knowing the course of the sluggish Clyde would form any anticipations of its beauty. A half-hour after making the "carry" brought us into a solitude as complete as that of an Adirondack lake. Colonies of turtles were settled on nearly every fallen tree. Kingfishers could be counted by the score, and a large stork, lazily sailing just out of gunshot, kept up the illusion that we were far from any human habitation.

The canoeist should seldom take the trouble to inquire the distance to any given place, but rather sail along and be content when good camping-ground is



reached. Yet there were the best of reasons,

in this instance, for seeking to know the exact time it would take us to reach the lake. The Montezuma Marshes were ahead, and as these marshes are the favorite hunting-ground of mosquitoes, which never miss their game, it would be as much as one's life is worth to pass a night in the swamp. I know of a woman who displayed as a trophy a quart jar packed full of dead mosquitoes, which she had captured in the cabin of her canal-boat during one trip across the marshes. No wonder that we preferred some other place for a camp.

As the estimated distance from the "carry" to the lake did not exceed ten miles, we were confident of making the distance before night. But what countryman has ever taken the trouble to reason that a winding stream is at least twice as long as a road running in the same direction?

The day passed and we were still in the swamp. A warning buzz or two caused us to rush for the store of tar-oil. All our fears were uncalled for. Camping for two nights previous upon the grain in the canal-boat we had not noticed the recent severe frosts. The corn had been cut down, so had the mosquitoes. The dreaded night was passed in peace, though all our blankets, doubled and folded, were needed to keep us warm.

The Indians have a very satisfactory account of the origin of the Montezuma mosquitoes. The legend runs thus: There were, in times of old, many moons ago, two huge feathered monsters permitted by the Manitou to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca River. Their form was exactly that of the

mosquito. They were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as they flew toward the earth. Standing one on either bank they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians, as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up, as the stork king in the fable gobbled up the frogs. The destruction of life was so great that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nations. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain and left unburied. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcases decomposed, and the particles, vivified in the sun, flew off in clouds of mosquitoes, which have filled the country ever since.

The following morning the pleasure of going down even a sluggish stream was exchanged for the hard work of paddling up the outlet of the lake. All the waters of the lake are poured through a rapid and shallow outlet. Nothing is seen on either side but rushes. Eel-grass and frog-spawn in some places almost block the channel. One regrets every moment spent on a stream flowing between the mud and slime banks of a treeless swamp.

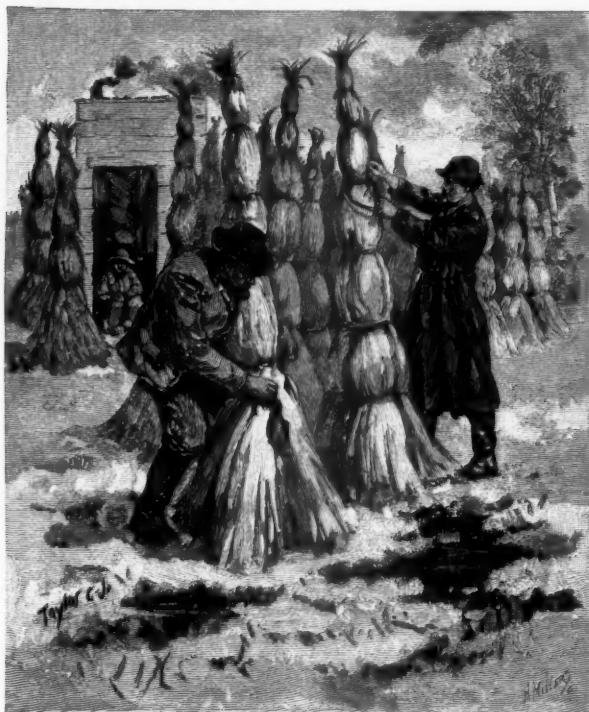
The old writers upon this part of the country claimed that the marshes would soon be filled up by the accumulated debris of the lakes, which is carried down by the Seneca River. These prophecies are far from being fulfilled. Sixty-two thousand acres remain partly under water. It has been repeatedly proved that this great tract of land could be drained at comparatively slight expense.

It is a pity that the Holland Company which purchased so large a portion of Western New York had not bought these marshes also, and settled here a colony of Hollanders. Here was ample scope for the exercise of their national skill. If dykes had been dug and windmills erected, the settlers would long ago have been in possession of as fertile a tract as could be found on this continent.

The large flags or rushes which abound in these swamp lands are not without value. It was now harvest-time for them, and wherever the ground afforded firm stepping, men were at work cutting the flags and binding them in shocks, as corn is bound. Farther up the lake we passed several little huts, in which the flag-cutters live during the harvest in defiance of the malaria. Only the largest and thickest of the flags are cut. Many of them were as thick as our paddles, and fully ten feet high. The flags gathered are shipped mostly to Auburn State Prison, to be used in the manufacture of chair-bottoms and horse-collars.

Numerous wild-ducks which make their home in these swamps were startled from the water by our approach. The cold of the previous night had been followed by an exceedingly warm day. This was bad for shooting, as our "short" artist informed us. Our artists were two, the "long" and the "short." The "short" had the reputation of being a capital shot, nor did he destroy his reputation, for the ducks kept out of range. No sportsman could be expected to procure any game while the warm days lasted. During the entire day we heard but one report of a gun which was followed by continuous screams. The pursuer of our fleet, who was far in advance, called out that a boy had been shot. Before we could offer assistance, a fisherman had hastened to the relief, and was rowing rapidly to Cayuga village. Some young lads, none of them more than thirteen years old, had ventured out in a boat, expecting to shoot wild-fowl. They had carelessly left their guns cocked. One of the boys eagerly seized his gun to fire, but before he could bring it to his shoulder the gun was discharged, the contents entering the calf of his comrade's leg. The physician, it was reported, feared that amputation was necessary.

Our fleet was inclined to vote in favor of throwing away firearms and letting the birds live. We would rather be Thoreau than the best shot ever known. Yet, strange inconsistency! we would rather be Izaak Walton than either. We wonder what pleasure a man can find in taking the life of any member of the feathered tribe, but



FLAG-GATHERERS AT THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE.

we assert that no delight is greater than that known by the man who brings into camp a well-filled basket of trout.

Finding but little to detain us in Cayuga village we headed directly to a point six miles down the lake, where we proposed to spend our first day of rest. Half a mile from our camp was Canoga, a hamlet consisting of a few houses built on either side of a country road together with two churches and a post-office. We were encamped by famous waters. The country near was the home of the renowned Iroquois. Here lived savages who had a history. Their story is more than a chronicle of events.

Two hundred years before the white men landed on Manhattan Island, the five Indian tribes living near Cayuga and Seneca lakes had formed themselves into a league. Their laws and customs, based as they were on freedom and personal

right, excited the admiration of the early Jesuit missionaries. The implements used by this people were those of the Stone Age, but their civilization was not far behind that of the nineteenth century. They were proficient in many of the household arts. They cultivated corn and planted orchards. Peaches and apples were plenty. Their houses were large and many of them were painted. The Iroquois, though comparatively few in numbers, by their superior intelligence and organization made their power felt from the ocean to the Mississippi. They were the virtual rulers of the central part of North America.

The principal agent in forming this league and thus promoting the Iroquois power was the chief Hiawatha. He is no myth, as the reader of Longfellow's poem might suppose. Hiawatha was a real personage. Pained as he was by the strifes existing between the neighboring tribes,



OLD VILLAGE LANDING

he made it his life-work to bring them into a confederation for the purposes of peace. He lived to complete the work upon which his heart was set. He formed a nation so strong, that in after years both England and France made every effort to secure an alliance; and this alliance once formed was an important factor in determining the English supremacy in America. The work of Hiawatha sounds like a romance, but the published researches of Lewis H. Morgan, and Horatio Hale show that we have not formed an exaggerated conception of the man, or of the people whom he served.

Having won the allegiance of the Iroquois, England was able to retain it during the Revolution. The Indians were a dreaded foe of the colonists. Notwithstanding their progress in the arts and civilization, the savage instincts were strong. The tomahawk and scalping-knife were their favorite weapons of war. No settler was safe from their incursions and those of their Tory allies. It became a military necessity to inflict a punishment that would make them respect the power of the American army. In the spring of 1779 five thousand men, under the command of General Sullivan, were dispatched to lay waste the Indian villages. The small Indian force rallied to oppose this army was easily defeated. The work of devastation and death began. The soldiers adopted the savage mode of war. The growing corn was destroyed; the or-

chards were cut down; the houses given to the flames. The Indians who escaped perished by hundreds of want during the following winter. This severe punishment destroyed forever the social and political power of the Iroquois.

Ten years after, the Indians acknowledged allegiance to the United States. In return the government granted the land on both sides of the lake to them and their descendants forever. This treaty may have had some value. Possibly the Iroquois remained in possession of their lands for a year or two. But in ten years scarcely a trace of Indian occupation could be seen. It is a wonder that some one did not write "A Century of Dishonor" years ago.

On Sunday morning a part of our fleet, by diligent brushing of clothes and a camp-shave, sought to make an appearance fit for entering church. It was six days since we began our trip. The walk to church over hills of newly cut grain afforded an increasing perspective with every foot of rise. The walk was memorable. It furnished the proof that with every swing of the paddle we had been storing up strength and vital energy. Every muscle was elastic and active; no effort was needed to climb the hills and vault the fences. Existence itself was a delight.

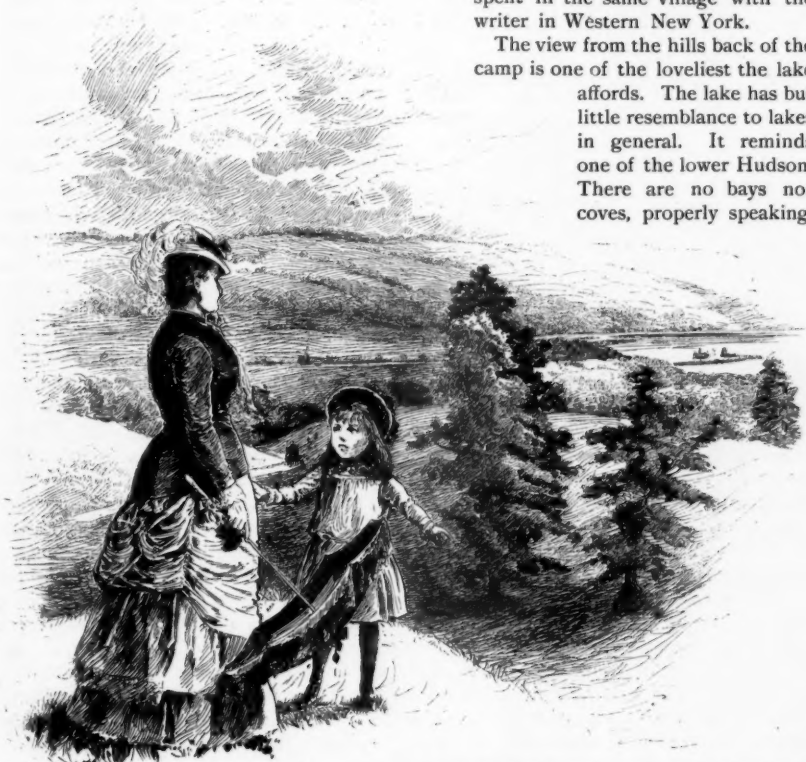
Even the excellent sermon which we heard in the little country church did not prevent our falling into the woman's

habit of criticising her neighbor's dress—especially as several persons looked askance at our boating costume, which presented a marked contrast to their silks and broadcloth. What can be more arbitrary than the fashion which compels the farmer to put aside his loose-fitting clothes and make himself uncomfortable on a hot Sunday in a starched shirt and badly-setting "store" black coat? Welcome the day when flannel shirts and knickerbockers shall constitute an approved attire!

Does not Thackeray make one of his characters exclaim that the world is so

small that you cannot get away from your friends? The writer was surprised by seeing in the same pew with himself an acquaintance whom he had not met for years. Service over, we were invited by the friend to dinner. We were constrained to decline the rash invitation. The appetite of the average canoeist, when it has had a week to develop, is a dangerous thing to bring in contact with a family Sunday dinner. A second friend was found spending the day in the vicinity. The gentlemen made a call at the camp, and when they departed left very pleasant recollections of the years they had spent in the same village with the writer in Western New York.

The view from the hills back of the camp is one of the loveliest the lake affords. The lake has but little resemblance to lakes in general. It reminds one of the lower Hudson. There are no bays nor coves, properly speaking,



ITHACA VALLEY, WEST FROM THE FISKE MANSION

in all the forty miles of its length. The lake widens at Aurora, and this widening is called Aurora Bay. The lake has all the features of some long and deep eddy of a once mighty river.

The origin of the lake is a matter of dispute among geologists. Agassiz gives it as his opinion



SHELDRAKE GLEN

that with others in this vicinity the lake is due to drainage, collecting in great cracks caused by powerful local disturbances. It is highly probable, however, that glacial action has enlarged the trough previously made by less active agents. The strata embracing the groups of the Devonian age, from the Oriskany to the Chemung, are clearly exposed, and offer many attractions to the geological collector.

The day when we decided to leave our camp at Canoga Point did not promise very well. Heavy rains had fallen during the night, and in the morning the mist remained to shut out our view of the hills. Nothing was visible save the water. The wind, however, was beginning to blow. Now for a sail was the cry. The gradually freshening breeze gave us great sport. Yet, even the pleasure of sailing was for the time forgotten in the enjoyment of the rare sight as the wind began to thin the clouds. The mist rose from the lake separating the water from the water.

With the lifting of the clouds the hill-tops slowly emerged from the ocean of mist. Forest and fruit trees, then towns and villages, appeared. Often in an instant a hillside would seem to spring into existence. At last the sun broke through the few remaining clouds and both the water and hills changed their color with the brightening sky. The Mosaic story of the Creation was enacted before our eyes.

We expected that the wind would go down with the clearing away of the clouds, but it continued to blow a half-gale from the north-east. We were soon surrounded by heavy waves and white caps. Our fleet had nothing to fear. Though no sail other than their own could be seen, our artists and purser kept every inch of canvas stretched to the wind. A little trial had convinced them that their boats could neither capsize nor sink. They proved to be better sea-boats than the commodore's veneer canoe. The boats used by these gentlemen were a combined canoe and catamaran, the invention of the commodore and built under his direction, at a cost of less than seven dollars each. The finishing was rough, as they were intended for this cruise only. The boats were built of one-quarter inch pine, were 14 feet long and 20 inches wide. On either side of the boat, fastened two inches from the side, were wings or pontoons $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 7 feet long and 5 inches deep. When the boat was loaded, the pontoons, placed $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the gunwales, just touched the water. The lines were not beautiful, but the boats were absolutely safe and easy to paddle. It is not supposed that any professional canoeist will condescend to use a boat similar to the one described. Yet, for that large class who would like to share the canoeist's pleasure, but fear, though wrongly, that his sport is dangerous, these boats may be of service.

After several hours of sailing we began to look for a landing-place. All along the shore the water was breaking against rocks which rose to great height right from the water's edge. There was no room for running up the canoes. Presently we es-

pied a slight break in the rocks, where a few trees were growing. At the distance we were out in the lake there seemed barely space for camping-ground. The signal was given to make for the trees. Nearing the shore we found the surf higher than it often is on the ocean beach in fair weather. It was exciting work to make the landing. We stood ready to make a flying leap into the edge of the surf the instant the boat touched and rapidly haul up before the next wave struck the stern. Not all the fleet succeeded in doing this, their boats being filled with water as the waves broke over them. So eager were we in making the landing that no one thought of noting the nature of the landing-place. We had chanced upon the best camping-ground on the lake. What at a distance appeared to be a slight break in the rocks was the opening into one of

ing hills, depositing a layer of silt, give the sequestered glen, in its widest part, an unsurpassed fertility. Farther from the mouth the ravine narrows and the shaly rock is left bare. The glen ends with a precipice over which a tiny stream was trickling.

The glens are a characteristic feature of Cayuga and the neighboring lakes. Every brook and stream flowing into the lakes are engaged in the work of glen making—the action of frost and water on the shaly rock is sufficient to form these deep, gloomy cañons. Watkins Glen, on Seneca Lake, is worthy of its renown; but Watkins is first in size only. Many ravines



the most beautiful glens. We might have sailed within a few feet of the glen and never suspected the beauty hidden by the clump of trees on the shore. The foliage of the glen was luxuriant—tall forest trees, rich grass and wild-flowers were growing. The washings of the surround-



ON THE CLYDE RIVER

near by, especially those of Ithaca and Ludlowville, rival it in beauty.

The glens are rather cold for camping. The sun's rays reach the bed of the ravine for an hour or two only during the day. In the crevices of the rock ice and snow can be gathered late in the summer months.



Huge logs were plenty, however, and we built a roaring fire. No one sitting before a camp-fire can resist the impulse to tell of adventures on former cruises, for the flames have a peculiar effect in awaking memory and stimulating imagination. While he may not mean to spin yarns, his stories lose nothing with age. We listened to exciting experiences in the Muskoka woods—how a camp having neglected to build a fire was startled at midnight by the tramp of a bear; of fishing-ground, where black bass, salmon trout, and muskallonge were so plenty that, in order to rest his tired arms, the fisherman was compelled occasionally to hold his line out of the water to keep the fish from getting on. Had we kept to the open fireplace of our forefathers, we should not have to speak of story-telling as a lost art. The most exciting story failed at last to drive away the drowsy god. We crept into the tents, called good-night, and soon were enjoying that slumber which only the camper-out can know.

We were in no hurry to leave our camping-ground; but the state of our supplies demanded we should hasten away. Provisions were getting low. Our "long" artist had been drafted as cook's assistant. Of course, he could prepare dessert. It should be of boiled rice. Did not all the cook-books say, add to the rice as little water as possible, and keep it well stirred? This he could do. The rice should be steamed, not boiled into a sodden, sticky mass. He stirred faithfully, adding only a thimbleful of water from time to time.



SHELDRAKE POINT—MIDWAY OF CAYUGA



A MOONLIGHT VISITOR

The patient pot endured the poking and pushing of his stirring stick; the solder held nobly in the intense heat, with no water to keep it cool. His face beaming with delight at his expected triumph in cookery, our artist lifted the pot from the fire, and then out dropped the bottom. The rice was "cooked" indeed! It took some minutes for him to realize the extent of the disaster. He was humbled, crushed. His hungry friends thought of a noble revenge for the loss of their desert. They demanded his portrait as a warning to others never to steam rice over a camp-fire.

While our artists were at work the next day sketching in the glen, the commodore paddled on till he reached another camp. The occupants kindly urged him to spend the evening. A recent donation visit had left its camp supplied with all the luxuries of home. Back of the camp was a peach orchard in which the campers had obtained the right to forage at will. We ranged the orchard for more than an hour. Peaches, plums, apples, quinces and grapes were growing here in the greatest profusion. Not in the State of Delaware are finer peaches found than are raised in Seneca County. We saw four peaches weighing twenty ounces taken at random from the top of a basket. Fruit has been raised on the hills around Cayuga Lake for centuries. Yet the soil is not exhausted. The Indian name of Aurora, Cho-non-

do-te — the place of many peach-trees — bears witness to the extent and age of this cultivation. In this immediate vicinity, that delicious apple, the Tompkins County King — the best of all fruit, made its appearance.

The perfect days did not come in June this year. No day so rare as the 19th of last September. Light, fleecy clouds veiled the glare of the sun. The mercury stood at the delicate point between heat and cold when the temperature makes no impress on mind or sense. The lake was of oily smoothness. From the mass of browns and greens of a few days before,



AMONG THE WHITE CAPS



TRIPHAMMER FALLS, ITHACA GLEN

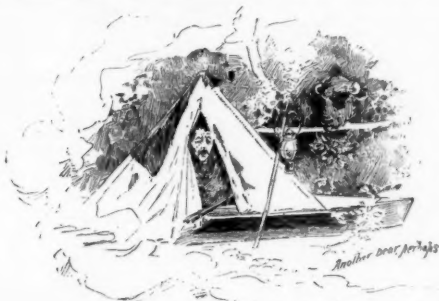
the trees were beginning to reveal their individuality by their early autumnal tints. The shadows in the water over which we were gliding were as clearly marked as the trees and rocks casting them. Without conscious effort the paddle acquired an easy rhythmical swing, giving the boat all the momentum she needed. Neither air nor water resisted the progress of the canoe. Dense foliage and thick trunks of trees threatened to block our way, but they were as impalpable as the air. There was no external world. When we recall the sensations of that day, we are convinced that we have discovered the origin of the Idealistic Philosophy. Bishop Berkeley had been canoeing, and Emerson was in the same boat. What if they had run on a sunken rock! As there was no breeze,

we continued to paddle close in, the better to observe the picturesque formation of the palisade-like shore. A little play of imagination formed wonderful outlines. The most remarkable was that of an old woman wearing a sun-bonnet, but as this picture was seen by one of the fleet only, we are unable to give her portrait.

Two railroads now run through the country surrounding Cayuga Lake. On the east bank the road runs almost at the water's edge. No care was taken to preserve the natural beauty of the bank. Bare, unsightly cuttings of clayey soil are now seen, where once was grassy slope and rocky shore. On the west side, the railway runs one to five miles back from the lake. As no rival road could by any possibility be made to pay, we have the com-

forting assurance that this bank will be left in its original beauty. Together, the railways have almost driven the once prosperous steamboat trade from the water. Every few miles the victory of the rails over the steamboat is attested by the

Catskills or White Mountains. The gray rock, scraped bare by storm and frost; the dull color and scant foliage characteristic of the Swiss glens, with all their majesty and grandeur, are no match for the bright colors, the moss-covered stones, the wondrous effect of sunlight pouring through forest trees seen everywhere in the mountains of America. However, a sight of the falls will take away all thoughts of comparison. The water makes a single leap for the pool below. Niagara is not so high by forty feet. Not all the water enters the pool, for the wind rushing up the glen seeks to



slowly decaying landings and warehouses which line the shore. Nature has begun her work in removing from these buildings the glaring white which she ever seeks to hide, and replacing it with a coating of silvery gray.

We had often heard the praises of Taghanic Ravine sounded. Dr. Cheever wrote of the gorge and fall, that they were the most picturesque in the world out of Switzerland. I object to the exception. Exceptions may be made, but it must be in favor of similar scenes in the



save the streamlet from its plunge. Many a drop while yet half-way down is caught and carried to the clouds above. The view would be thrilling during the spring freshets, if only so mighty a torrent did not raise volumes of spray to hide the fall in its own majesty. Better to see the ravine in summer, and imagine the scene when the windows of heaven are opened.

The meaning of the word Taghanic, as well as the spelling, is not fully settled. W. H. Bogart, a good authority, as quoted in a description of the ravine written by Lewis Halsey, renders the meaning, "The Great Fall in the Woods." Tradition says that the falls are named after a Delaware





LOOKING DOWN CAYUGA LAKE FROM THE CAMPUS, CORNELL UNIVERSITY



GREETING AT AURORA

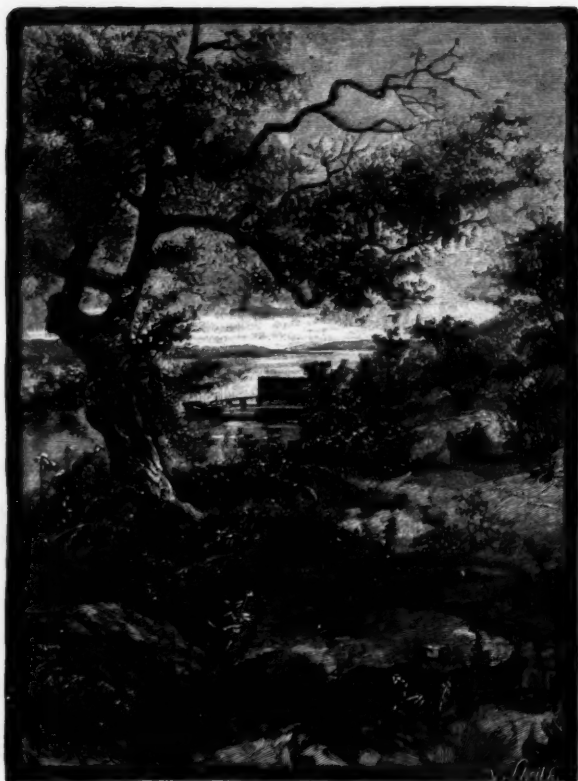
chief of that name, who, to avenge the wrongs of his tribe upon their enemies, made an incursion with two hundred followers into the heart of the Iroquois country. The Delawares, after several victories won, were finally defeated near the falls. Nearly all the invaders were slain. The bleeding body of the chief was thrown over the falls and left unburied!

The time came to make our last camp on the lake. At night we were discussing plans for the coming week. In the midst of this discussion we were startled by loud whispers: "There they are now!" "At last we have caught them." What could it mean? Were we to be arrested for some fancied crime? Conscious of innocence no one thought of running away. We espied a large canoe coming up in the moonlight. Our fears were quieted now, especially when two ladies, followed by a gentleman, stepped out of the boat. Their whispers were speedily explained. They had left Rochester in their canoe, the day after we had passed through the city. All the way down the canal they had been told of a party of canoeists ahead of them on the Clyde River, and at the outlet of the lake they had been advised to hurry and catch up. In fact, for a week past they had heard the same story of the strange boats that couldn't upset. At last they had chanced to head for the same camping-ground which we were occupying. The ladies were enthusiastic and accomplished canoeists. We spent the evening in comparing our log-books,

and were surprised at their resemblance. They could cap all our stories.

Nearing Ithaca, the summer camps and cottages could be counted by the hundred. These lake-dwellings are a necessity for the people of Ithaca in summer, for the town, shut in as it is on all sides but the north by hills five hundred feet high, must be intensely hot. The larger part of Ithaca is built on low ground. Ages ago the water of the lake was one hundred feet deep where Main Street is now built. Several times of late has the town been submerged during the spring freshets. The fund for the repairs and erection of bridges is an important item in the tax account. The town is rapidly creeping up the hill toward the University. Fifteen years ago there was but one house on all the east hill. Ithaca is supplied with excellent water taken from the creek near the Buttermilk Falls. The people accordingly speak of drinking "Buttermilk" as New Yorkers do of Croton. When the water was first introduced, the college *Era* several times referred to the excellent quality of the "Buttermilk" supplied in abundance for the students' use. That saying puzzled the friends at home. Were the students becoming total abstainers? Parents were delighted, though the more suspicious outsiders feared that "Buttermilk" covered a multitude of drinks.

Cornell University, founded here in 1868, has given to Ithaca its chief renown. The ample means at the disposal of the trustees have enabled them to erect imposing college buildings and furnish them with



SOUTHWARD FROM CANOGA

complete scientific apparatus. The new chemical and physical laboratory is second to none in the country. The University provides free tuition for one student from each Assembly district in the State. The number of students who thronged the University in its early years has largely decreased. Friends claim that this is no proof of retrogression; the falling off is due chiefly to the fact that the standard of scholarship and the requirements for admission have been steadily raised. With the return of President White the college is again growing in popularity and numbers. Special attention is given to the study of the sciences and to "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." Yet it is worthy of remark, in view of recent criticisms on the value of classical studies, that in Cor-

nell these studies have been constantly growing in favor, and increasing facilities are made for their pursuit. Cornell follows Rochester University in adopting the German plan of university life—the students for the most part live in town, not in dormitories. The scholar is not shut off from the world; he mixes with it, and is influenced by its opinions. Contrary to the general notion, there is, on the whole, a better moral tone at Cornell than in the larger colleges of New England where dormitory life is the rule.

Aurora, on the east bank of the lake, surpassing Ithaca in beauty of situation, is a rival as an educational centre. Here are located Wells College and a thriving military academy. The military exercise is thoroughly taught in the academy, but is not allowed to encroach on the hours de-

voted to study. The merits of the school rest only on the sound instruction afforded. For proof of its excellence the teachers point to the interest taken by the people of the village in their work. Wells College should receive more than the passing allusion which the limits of this writing makes necessary. It was the aim of the founder, Henry Wells, to provide for the instruction of young women in literature, science and art, and at the same time to surround them with all the influence of a refined Christian home. His gifts for this purpose have been supplemented by the liberality of Edwin B. Morgan, whose name shares with that of the founder the honor which the deserved fame of the college bestows on the memory of its benefactors. In order to preserve the home features of the college, a limited number only of students is received. The lady principal, while associating daily with the students as teacher, exercises a kindly watch-care over each inmate of her home, by meeting them, at least, once a week as a personal friend. The college buildings are substantial and are elegantly furnished. They are an ornament to the beautiful village in which they are erected.

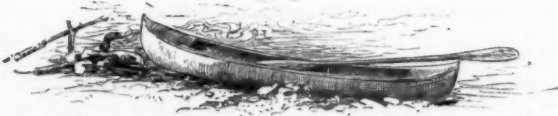
Aurora is entitled to a first place among the villages of America which are especially renowned for their refined people and its beautiful surroundings. Cayuga Lake

contributes the chief share to the attractions of this neighborhood. While at either end of the lake an abundant ice crop may be gathered every winter, in the wide bay of Aurora, the waves dash fair and free in January as in June. The sunsets are especially memorable, and are remarked by every visitor to the village. Oftentimes the smooth water at evening reflects cloud and color with the distinctness of a Claude Lorraine mirror. Then

"Heaven itself brought down to earth
Looks fairer than above."

We took the night train from Ithaca for the Delaware River, hoping for exciting sport in running through the swift water toward home. Once again we were ready to indorse the claim that "canoeing is the most nearly perfect of all possible out-of-door sports." Certain experiences may offset the pleasures of canoeing. But if called upon to describe these experiences, the writer must do so in the spirit of a London agent who advertised a Thames villa to let. So extravagantly did he praise the house and grounds, that the owner, fearing that no one would hire so bepraised a villa, ordered the description to be modified. The next week the advertisement appeared as before, but with this addition: "The agent is obliged to admit that the tenant may occasionally be annoyed by the litter of the rose-leaves and the din of the nightingales."

WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.



FROST-WORK.

No fairies left? You need not tell me so,
For in the night upon my window-pane
Grew wondrous things that make me surely know
The fairies are at their old tricks again.

Stand where the light strikes thro' the frosted glass,
And see Aladdin's palace rear its towers;
Look at the seed-tufts on that bunch of grass,
The humming-bird above those lily-flowers!

What but a fairy pencil could design
These feathered fronds of dainty maiden-hair?
With every leaf so delicately fine
You almost see it tremble on the air!

Some nimble-fingered spirit of the ice
Has wrought his frolic will here, that is plain;
And while I study out each quaint device,
A wistful fancy gathers in my brain.

O wonder-working spirit! if I could
But learn of you the secret of the snow—
How frost is given by the breath of God,
And where the hidden watercourses flow,—

And where begotten is the dew, that strings
Her lovely pearls upon the meanest weed,—
And what sweet animating influence brings
The blossom splendid from the trivial seed;—

Could I but ride the South wind and the North,
And fathom all the mysteries they hold,
See how the lightning, leaping wildly forth,
And how the turbulent thunder is controlled,—

I would no more be fretted by the greed
And selfishness of men: their puny spite,
Nor any wordly loss or cross indeed,
My lifted soul could evermore affright.

And wherefore *now*? The laughing fairy seems
To mock at me the spangled window through;
And I laugh also, waking from my dreams
To take up daily loss and cross anew.

But with a sense of things divinely planned,
That makes me sure I need not fear disdain,
From One who holds the thunder in His hand,
Yet stoops to trace the frost-work on the pane.

MARY BRADLEY.

TRANSFORMATION.

I.

HE might at any rate have let her alone. He could have done that. She was happy enough before she ever saw him; or, if she was not happy, she did not know it. She was content. And contentment is often as much better than happiness, as the one is permanent and the other volatile and evanescent. At least, Agnes found it so.

She was an only child, and had been left without parents at an early age. She had been educated at boarding-schools, and had come home to live, with one of the teachers for her companion, according to the arrangement made by her guardian. When at length the teacher married, Agnes was left alone in the house with her servants.

She was very wealthy; but she hardly knew it, and certainly cared nothing about it. She had never wanted for anything, and so had had no occasion for thought on the subject. The property had been settled very securely, so that no husband should ever, by any chance, be able to sequester it. Her father had thought this best, in view of the uncertainties of marriage. As she grew older, her guardian thought it had been a wise arrangement, in view of her extraordinary plainness.

She was perfectly aware of her plainness. She had heard of it too often not to be aware of it, from the amiable frankness of school-girls, and occasionally in remarks not meant for her to hear, from older persons. As a child, she had not been affected by it. She felt that she was just as much beloved as the beautiful Thurza Dunscom. She did not stop to think that Thurza was not half so gentle-tempered and unselfish as herself—she was satisfied in the sweetness that responded to her own sweetness. She was not a demonstrative or expansive person, but one with slight reserves, preventing too close familiarity with any; yet all her schoolmates loved her in their way, and when she left school and went into so-

ciety a cordial liking followed her everywhere.

The friends of her parents and guardian made haste to call upon her, and to open their doors to her, as soon as she was established in her own home; and she found herself at once in the full swing of fashionable entertainment. It was all a glittering novelty, nothing like the school festivals, except that she was left nearly as much a wall-flower here as there. That did not concern her, however; she liked to look on; she was vaguely conscious of the incongruity between herself and the brilliant, beautiful scene—it would have embarrassed her to be obliged to play a more prominent part in it. She had paid no attention to the subject of dress, and was usually at one of the two extremes of conventual simplicity or glaring overdress. Perhaps it was not material, as no combination of tissues made could have disguised the fact of her spiny thinness or singular tallness, nor any color known have become that face with its utterly flat nose, projecting under-jaw, and the stain of fixed pinkness on its rough skin from chin to brow. As for her eyes, they might have been good—large, and a dark gray—but they were so injured by their red lids that they did not signify; and there was, on the whole, nothing but a pleasant voice and a good wit to speak for her. She had grown so used to the knowledge of all this, that it did not pain her as it used to do when, from her fifteenth to her nineteenth year, she had been morbidly troubled; she merely accepted it now, and was rather amused when some youth, desiring not to hurt her feelings, acted as if he supposed she did not know how she looked.

"It makes me feel as if I stood outside in the dark and gazed into a lighted room and saw all that the people there did—I know so well what is passing about me in one's mind," she said.

There was something so noble in her

own mind that she had no thought of envying the pretty girls, with all their peaches and roses, who fluttered by her; she admired them as much as their lovers did; and often, when they were shopping together, she gave them articles beyond their means, to make them look all the prettier; and when she entertained them at her own house, with Miss Knollys, the ex-teacher, to chaperon them all, it was of their success and not her own that she thought. Yet it seemed to set a seal upon her plainness, not altogether cheering to a young person, when she discovered that her friends would have come to her house all the same had there been no Miss Knollys there, since, somehow, people felt that when their girls were with Agnes herself they needed no other chaperon. Still, quite as often, she felt an agreeable invisibility: she had a sensation of not being seen, and so she could behold contentedly the enjoyments of others; and when she saw Thurza Dunscom floating by her in the arms of Roger Mayer, she could feel them as a picture and be caught back to visibility only by the lovely smile of Thurza that she must needs answer with a smile. Agnes's smile, at any rate, was a sweet one.

She was a little sorry for Roger, for she knew Thurza did not mean to marry him; nor would Thurza's people allow it, if she herself could so far forget her love of luxury and wealth—for Roger had not a penny to his name, and lived only by means of the situation whose salary could barely support himself. That he was deeply in love with Thurza, and she almost as deeply in love with him, all the world might see; but that it could come to nothing all the world saw equally well, and wondered a little at Thurza, and then said pityingly, that since she must awake, she might as well enjoy the dream. She was enjoying it; and, considering that she knew she was never going to marry him, enjoying it far beyond the point of good principles. But then nobody said anything about good principles, in speaking of Thurza—one never spoke of anything but her beauty and charm and grace. In looking at the two, Agnes did not so much pity Thurza as Roger; knowing what she

did of Thurza and her people, she felt that Thurza's self-indulgence was a wickedness. It seemed to Agnes as if she had always known Roger; not very well, but just enough to admire him; to admire that marvelous smile and luminous lifting of the eyelash and glittering of teeth, the tossing of the boyish lock of dark hair from the white forehead, the fine proportions and lofty stature; to admire the gentle manners and gentle voice, the gay and witty spirit, the kind heart that sometimes sent him to ask her for a dance—she was sure that Thurza never sent him. She danced very well. He never put himself in any position of an admirer to her from the first, but always in that of an old friend.

"I am so tall," she said once as they danced.

"But you are very graceful with it," he answered.

"It makes one so conspicuous," she added, speaking of the matter to him for almost the only time in her life, "when one would rather be in the shade."

"Not so conspicuous as gay colors do," he said. "One slips into the desired shade in neutral tints, in deep tones, or in black."

She never wore gay colors again. He had chosen them before with an idea that if she was not attractive herself, the colors were. She wore a silver-gray velvet with black lace when he saw her again. He smiled as he glanced at it. "It does seem old for twenty," he said, with his elder-brother air.

"Not half so old as I feel," she replied, laughing.

He disappeared presently; but when he returned he had an enormous bunch of the deepest carnations, almost black in their rich crimson. "We must work the toilet up," he said, and then he went off to dance with Thurza.

Thurza was with her a great deal in those days, making her friendship a pretext to her own family, and using her house for a shelter in which she might meet Roger, Agnes always left them together, or arranged, as an understood thing, that they should not be disturbed.

One day, as Agnes, at the upper end of the drawing-room, saw them far down in the last alcove of the extension, reflected

from mirror to mirror with all the marbles and bronzes, their life and warmth accented by all that stillness, something of the enduring life of art and the swift transitoriness of joy pierced her like a pain, and an idea occurred to her that she thought an inspiration. She would come into her own fortune next year. Her guardian had lately been with her and gone over a part of its inventory, showing her that it was large. Why should she not part with a portion of it to these lovers? Or, if it was so secured, as she feared might be the case, that that could not be done, at any rate she could make some arrangement by which an amount of the income could be transferred to them; and if they disliked to receive it as a gift, why Roger could take it as a salary and be her man of business. She was of such an impetuous nature, that she would have settled the matter that moment had not others entered on the scene; and then Thurza had floated out, and Roger had gone after her. How sweetly she looked as she left the room, Agnes thought; her pale-green draperies—for it was the early season—fluttering after her; her yellow hair, her innocent, great gray eyes with the long backward-curling brown lashes; her smiles, her one deep dimple, her blush, her lovely dewy lips, all her beauty and charm and grace—ah, yes, it was no wonder that Roger, that everybody loved her!

The next time that Agnes saw Thurza she was the wife of a person whose millions had bought that beauty and charm and grace. The proposal was made to her that day, on reaching home, and the settlement was enormous. Should she take it? her mind ran. Should she throw it away? Roger had nothing; perhaps never would have anything; his salary was a pittance for one—for two it would be beggary. And then, although Roger had talked and looked unmistakable love, he had said nothing of marrying. "Somebody must have sense!" she said. And the family went off to Newport next day; and she married within a month; and Roger received cards. Mr. and Mrs. Ottendorfer were then already on their way to Europe; perhaps Thurza thought her

husband might rub on some polish there before she showed him to her friends.

It was to Agnes that Roger came with the blow he had received. He had been so in the habit of frequenting her house, that it was the most natural thing in the world, and he went there as one goes home. She let him alone, where, in that fatal alcove, he threw himself face down upon the lounge and lay there, and got up at last and wrung her hand and went away, only to come again on the morrow and do the same thing.

If she had pitied him less, she might have tried to soothe him; but she pitied him with all her heart; it seemed to her that his injury was irreparable—he had not only lost the one he loved, but had found her unworthy. And presently, in the pain it gave her to see him suffer, she found she not only pitied, she loved him with all her heart.

It was a terrible moment to Agnes in which that discovery dawned upon her. She to love any man! She, who was set apart from the happy lot of women by her ugliness that men turned to look upon twice before they could believe in it. She stood before the glass, and gazed at it, and reviled it, and laughed herself to scorn to think that she had so far forgotten it as to dare lift her eyes to any man on earth, let alone to this prince among all men! For so Roger Mayer seemed to her. What scorching sarcasm she spent upon herself as she stood there! "Remember who you are and what you are!" she cried to the woman looking back at her there. "A deformity upon the face of nature! Almost a monster, that had better have been strangled at its birth. They would have called it murder, cruel murder, the act of holiest kindness ever done!" A thousand times she wished that woman, looking back at her in such despair, had died with her first breath. And then, in self-pity, the tears welled up and poured forth, and she sank down shaken with her sobs. A long day, a long night, alone with her self-detestation and her misery; and when she rose and went out of her room again into a world that had moved from its meridian, she thought she had conquered, poor fool!

It was because she felt now so strong in

herself that, the next time Roger came with his white face, she ventured to say to him some consoling word. Although her heart ached for him, she did not think it best to sympathize with him personally, lest he were unmanned. "Poor Thurza," was what she said. "How wretched, how very wretched she must be!"

"She deserves to be!" he cried, suddenly sitting upright. It seemed to comfort him a little, though, to think that Thurza was unhappy, as if it had not occurred to him before. Then a great, wild cry of wrath and woe burst from him, before which she recoiled—a horrible sound like the cry of a creature wounded to death. Once afterward she heard that sound again.

He rose, after awhile, and walked about the room in silence. He stopped before a marble Venus. "How fair she is," he said. "How placid! how ineffably wearisome." He turned to a bronze *Almée* dancer. "They are tedious, nothing but tedious, all these beautiful women. If it were not for you, Agnes, I would never look upon the face of womankind again. But perhaps they are not women—they are ghouls, vampires, what you will, these lovely creatures, soulless, lifeless, mere simulacra! You only, Agnes, and those like you—"

"Those like me!" she echoed involuntarily, with an accent of wretchedness in her tone.

He turned and looked at her a moment. "Those like you," he repeated, "with an angelic goodness of heart, those only deserve to be called women and have the love of men."

"The love of men," said Agnes bitterly, "is not given to women like me!" and she hastened from the room.

But Roger came again, on the next day after office-hours, as usual, and took up the word where it had been left. The first shock of his hurt had been overlived; he was meeting the rest of it. Some others were in when he entered—Rose Candish and her mother. They had thought to see him very much cut up, as they afterward said; but there was a certain cheer in his manner that seemed candid and had not at all the appearance of regret. He had in his hand a branch of apple-blossoms, that he had broken off from some wild

apple-tree on a country road where he had just been riding. They had all of them meant to avoid the subject of Thurza; but at sight of the apple-blossoms, Rose exclaimed: "How exactly like Thurza's cheek!"

"So it is," said Roger, "the same bloom—and quite as frail."

"Yes," said Mrs. Candish, "when we see Mrs. Ottendorfer that color will either have bloomed out into the peony's, or have withered into the wind-flower's."

"Too bad," said Rose, "that such beauty should not last."

"You all think too much of beauty," said Roger, gravely. "It is a delight—but it is a snare. No man in his senses would marry a beauty."

"So many men take leave of their senses," said Agnes, quietly.

"Well," he said, with that light, sparkling way of his, "for my part, it is a matter of taste; but I should value more a tender heart than a peerless color, a brilliant wit than a long-lashed eye, a symmetrical nature than a mold like *Venus de Milo's*. And then I am perhaps a little ignoble; but I had rather have a gentle woman for my wife, who gave me reverence and devotion, and spent herself making my home serene with her angelic goodness, than one who made a slave of me, and required a lifelong obedience to her whims."

With her angelic goodness! It was the second time he had used that phrase. The blood settled in her face hearing him, and as she caught a glimpse of it askance in the mirror, it seemed uglier than ever.

But she had heard of such a thing as taking hearts in the rebound. Only here it was impossible. It was impossible!

Roger went home in her carriage from Mrs. Burton's, where they had dined, a night or two after. "Agnes," he said, as he held her hand a moment at the carriage-door, "do you know there is nothing in the world so sweet as a friend is? You are a balm for sorrow."

As she looked out at the night afterward the dark winds came curling round her heated face as if from lands of pure delight; the stars seemed to shine from a higher and deeper heaven than ever before, and she herself to have been born into another life.

"Talk to me, Agnes," he said, when he came again. "Your voice is more soothing than any music. Not that I need soothing so much now, for I feel as if I had escaped a great peril. But I need you."

And so one day followed another, sweet to Agnes with a dangerous sweetness; and at last she had no excuse for staying another week in the hot town. She went to the mountains with her maid, Cosine; and there in a month he followed her. "You see," he said, as they sat on a great rock and saw the sunset beneath them, bathe the whole world in bloom, "I could not stay away from you. I could not do without you. I cannot do without you! You must come and be my comforter, my life, my joy!"

She dared not believe her senses. But she loved him so! Could she let him make this sacrifice—she who would die for him? But she had no time to think whether she would or not, for his arms were around her, his kiss was on her lips, her head was hidden in his breast.

And after that Roger seemed to be in a feverish haste. "Why should we wait?" he urged. "My vacation will be over in a month, and why should I go back alone, and leave you here? It is not as if I were asking you to share my poverty, when you might wish to put off the evil day. I don't pretend to be ignorant of the fact of your wealth. But you do not doubt me, Agnes? It makes possible a union that otherwise might wait for years, for I suppose that as far as money-making goes I may as well admit I am an incapable. But you have become more precious to me than all the wealth of the world!"

And Agnes was in a dream. She was bewildered with her bliss. She had never hoped or figured such a thing to herself. She could not believe in it. And yet here it was, and real. That it should have come to her was in the nature of a miracle that she could not comprehend. She was a woman just waiting to be crowned, but so humble in her inmost soul that she was quite ready for sackcloth instead. There was plenty of time for the sackcloth.

She never paused to ask what people would think or say. Roger loved her—that was enough; a fact that filled the whole world for her. They were married immediately on their return to town.

Of course they met with the most strenuous opposition from her guardian, who opposed the marriage itself no more than he subsequently opposed Agnes's gift of a very handsome independence to Roger, from the funds that she found had accumulated in her long minority.

"I owe you too much already," Roger said to her, "to have this make any difference. And I accept it as something befitting your husband to have."

"You owe me, Roger!" she cried, with her joyous tears, "when I owe everything to you! And this happiness, this great happiness!" She could not say more, for her voice broke. All she could do was in her soul to worship him who made this happiness, a happiness so deep that she shuddered lest it should all depart and leave only the ashes with which alone she felt she had any natural right.

And how content they were! She made the house delightful to choice spirits, that anything he missed in her he might not feel, having it in others. She had great players and singers and authors there, too, that she might borrow of their charm, and tuneful feet, too, to fill the gaps with lightness. She read everything, that she might filter it through her own intelligence and give it to him, as it were, alchemized. She spared no effort to make every moment a swift pleasure to be followed by another in which he should forget to long for the one before. And when they were alone together, how bright and gay she was, how full of gentle wit and sparkle, dry and droll sayings and all sorts of sweet surprises! Perhaps Roger was amazed at himself; he seemed thoroughly satisfied. Certainly his old friends were; and one and all they recognized in Agnes what might attract and keep a husband's love even more than beauty might. She cast about her every day for something new with which to give him greater pleasure. He was passionately fond of flowers; she filled the house with them to overflowing—it was

fragrance and color and summer everywhere the moment the door opened. He was as passionately fond of music: besides having *prima donnas* to sing for them, she spent half the hours of his absence with a music master that she might be able to play and sing to him herself, never having before cultivated what musical talent she possessed. He was as passionately fond of beauty, too, and there it cut her to the heart; but, safe in a multitude of counsel, she surrounded herself with a bevy of pretty women. But she felt the contrast she made, and she studied the art of dress as one might study a science, and sought with pathetic effort to soften her plainness in any least degree, with the instruction that hair-dresser and lady's-maid and physician might afford her.

They had had a long and happy period of this deep contentment, when Mrs. Otendorfer came back. They went out so much, it was impossible they should not meet her, and Agnes in her hidden thought quailed a little before the ordeal. And well she might. The radiant creature in the gold gauze shining over her creamy satin; the diamond and topaz gems about her throat and gleaming from her cloud of yellow hair; the blush, the smile, the dimple, the glowing eyes outdoing the gems; the soft low voice, the touch of the cool flower-like hand—Agnes felt that her flesh crept as she saw the vision confront Roger, and saw Roger turn pale as a death-mask. Only for a moment, though. He loved his wife; he meant to be loyal to her; and he turned back to make sure it was her hand on his arm, and bent and whispered something in her ear, and laughed as they went on. "Why does the little hand on my arm tremble?" he asked. "With the remembrance of an ancient pain? It is so old it is all in ruins now. Heavens, Agnes, what an escape I had!"

"But she has such beauty, Roger," murmured Agnes.

"And so have you to me," he said. "Or if you have not, I do not feel the want of it." And what wife would not have been content?

Later in the evening, she again saw Thurza, and saw her accost Roger as an

old friend. "Indeed, your best friend, I should say." Agnes, sitting with Mrs. Candish, in the keen sharpening of her senses, heard her murmur. "For without me you would never have been so well placed as I see you to-night."

"You honor me too much," Roger answered her. "I am indeed well placed, and too happy in my wife's affection to need other friends."

There was something in her laugh that sent a shiver through Agnes. It seemed to say, "How soon we shall change all that!"

And the next day Thurza came to see them. Agnes's manner was like ice—but like sweetened ice, for all that. It was impossible for her to be positively unkind to any one. Yet she would not forget or forgive the suffering that Thurza had once caused Roger; and for the remainder, she did not want her near them, she felt the possible danger from afar.

"You are very strange, Agnes," cried Thurza. "One would think you had forgotten all about me, all about our school years and our girl-life together! And now when I need you, when I come home wretched, worn out with the world and with the dreadful error of my marriage, you fail me!" and tears, without an effort, overflowed the lovely limpid eyes that looked like jewels wet with rain and in the sun.

"I only think, Thurza," said Agnes, in her low, distinct voice, "that our ways had better be apart."

"You pay me a great compliment," said Thurza. "Do you think I would do you an injury? Pshaw! I don't want your husband—my own is one husband too many. Have you so little confidence in yourself? Let me advise you, dear. Don't begin by showing jealousy and excluding pretty women from your house. Your money alone won't keep your husband's affections—my husband's money has not kept mine!" and then, as Agnes drew back, and she saw her, the beautiful tears spun out again. "Oh, Agnes, you are happy—you seem to be—and I am most miserable! Can you deny me just a ray of your happiness?" And, of course, Agnes could not deny her; and Thurza had the entrance of the house.

And that was the beginning of the end. It was an idle woman's vanity and love of pleasure against another woman's life. And the last fought in dead earnest for her life, and fought, as all such do, with the sun in her eyes.

Wherever Roger went, by night or day, he met Thurza—in the street, in the galleries, in the studios, at the play, at rout or dinner, and even at his own home, in one guise or another, now drooping and sad, now the light laugh breaking through the sadness, like the sun through rain, now dependent and gentle, and always with the old beauty and grace and charm that defied Mrs. Candish's prophecy. How could he long maintain the haughty coolness born of indignation, before this beautiful woman?

Agnes felt the vague premonition of trouble in the air; her heart sank daily, and she rebuked herself as often. But she saw that the old happy hours alone with Roger were less and less frequent, and he was more and more absorbed in his own thoughts when those hours came. She heard of him here and there, from some kind gossip who mentioned it inadvertently, and mentioned Thurza, too; it embarrassed her about proposing to go with him here and there, as she used; she could not bear to feel that she forced herself upon him. She sat at home, listening for his step, or for the grate of his cab-wheel upon the curb, her heart fluttering till her wrists were too weak to hold her fan. And although a dozen guests might be about her, she had eyes only for him when he came in, and she thought she could tell by the pallor of his face and the starry brightness of his eyes whether or not he had been with Thurza. She felt, too, in that time, as if, sitting opposite him at table, she must hide her face from the eyes that had so lately looked on Thurza's beauty, and she had the butler quietly rearrange the flowers so that they made her a partial screen. And then she felt how dishonoring this was to her husband, in whom she had believed so thoroughly, whom she loved so absolutely, who was sitting there at the head of her table talking so unsuspectingly, and she bent aside to flash him a smile, and her spir-

its rose, and she was gay as any at the board. And later she was filled with shame and sorrow and remorse that she had mistrusted him, and the next day it was all to do over again, when she saw him meet Thurza, and saw the eyelid fall, the color mount, in spite of himself.

It was no wonder that, with the excitements and the alternations, she fell ill.

Then Roger was kindness itself; but she could not confine him to her room; she would not be a bore and a nuisance to him; he should not be allowed to miss a pleasure; and, of course, she insisted that he should go out. She would not for an instant permit herself to say that now he was with Thurza; but when one day, as she was recovering, he came in, his face pale as an exhausted swimmer's, and proposed that they should sail for Europe, she knew what it meant. "Lest she should conquer, he must fly," she said. And Agnes, also, thought it best to fly. They made arrangements at once for the voyage, Roger breathlessly eager. But when he sent to secure the state-rooms, the desirable ones were engaged for three months ahead. "We need not mind that," said Agnes. "Mr. Van Bruysen will lend us his yacht. You know it is a superb craft, with enormous engines. It can cross in seven days."

"But it is not in readiness; and that will take so long. And I am anxious to get you off," he said.

"It will take no time at all," she argued joyously. "And the thought of it is an inspiration. We shall be alone together. It will be happiness again! And what delight the voyage, the sea, the winds, the sky will be, Roger!"

The next day Thurza came in, and insisted upon seeing her. "How perfectly ecstatic!" she cried. "The Van Bruysens say you are going over in their yacht. What a lark! Now you must invite Rose Candish and me to go with you, and get up a gay little party. Ottendorfer is in New Orleans, and will be sending for me, but I shall be on the water! When do you go?"

"We do not go at all," said Agnes gently.

She had realized in all her pain and pride the wisdom of flight. Alone to-

gether, time and change and her devotion might close the old wound in Roger, which, like the wound of the murdered, opened freshly in the presence of the murderer. The quiet content might then return. She understood that it had never been the dream of passion, of passionate first love; but it had been better than that. Once he had said to her, and meant it when he said it, that Romeo, that all true lovers, had an idle first love which paled and went out when the real love came. But if Thurza was to go, too—and there was no hindering that now, if she chose—there had better be no flight, and they must stay and fight the battle out upon the field.

Perhaps it made no odds. The Van Bruysens would have been delighted to lend the yacht; but she was in the dock for repairs, and would not be ready these weeks to come. She saw by his bright and sudden glance that it was like a reprieve to Roger. It was like a death sentence to her, although she spoke it herself.

Despair hung just above her now. She hated herself that she doubted her husband's fealty. She answered herself that it was not his fealty she doubted, but that she saw the impossibility of his contending with superior forces. He was not going purposely to desert her; he was simply going to be overcome; he who loved beauty; he who had loved Thurza; he who now saw her everywhere, and heard her voice, and was brushed by her garments—and it was not as if Agnes had any confidence in herself.

He was more frequently than ever away from her now. If she said anything that

had the sound of murmuring, he asked her if it was really accepted as the proper thing that husbands and wives should be seen inseparably together. She was horrified at herself when not quite certain where he might be, she found that she was not sure she had not rather he were forgetting his vexations over baccarat or with absinthe than passing the hours by Thurza's side; she found reason to doubt the wisdom of Solomon's judgment—she would rather the child had died than have been given to that other woman! One day, left alone, and longing for a breath of air, she ordered the horses for a drive in the park; and, leaving the carriage, wandered with her maid a little way among the bridle-paths. She sat down to rest beside the way; but had been there only a moment or two when the ground shook with a furious tread, and a running horse came thundering round the curve, the rider swinging from side to side in the saddle, white as death, and shrieking for help like an idiot.

Of course, Agnes never stopped to think. Accustomed to be with horses all her life, it was an act of second nature for her to spring to her feet, dart into the middle of the way and catch at the beast's bridle, regardless that it was Thurza, her rival, her enemy, the destroyer of her home, reeling in the saddle. And just as much of course she failed to catch the bridle, was knocked down by the beast, and received a kick that demolished her mouth and trod her nose out of sight. She was carried home senseless; and when—Thurza having been rescued—Roger reached home and saw the work of the brute, his involuntary remark was, "Well, you have done it now!"

[To be Continued.] HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

OPTIMISM.

I'm no reformer: for I see more light
Than darkness in the world: mine eyes are
quick

To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens
storm.

The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give the thorn.
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night-hawk's cry.

And even in this great throe of pain called life,
I find a rapture, linked with each despair,
Well worth the price of anguish.

I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

ELLA WHEELER.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.,
December 24, 1883.

A POET'S WIFE—A COMEDY.

CHARACTERS.

MR. RUDOLPH VERNON—a Young Poet.
MRS. RUDOLPH VERNON—his Young Wife.
JANE—their Maid-Servant.

Place—New York.

Time—The Present.

THE SCENE is a handsomely furnished library in a New York house; there is a central bow-window looking out on a park; a folding screen is in front of a door on the right; a mirror is over the mantel on the left; near the fireplace is a writing-table, with a chair by it; on the other side is a rocking-chair and a work-table.

(Mr. Vernon is discovered in arm-chair down R., reading newspaper.)

MR. VERNON [*looking up from a newspaper*]: Here's little Daw's letter. "From our own correspondent in New York"—just as if the Boston people did not know that Daw sends the same news to one paper in New Orleans and to another in California. [*Laying paper on knee.*] And he has the impertinence to use the same impudent signature for all three. "Jack Daw," a pretty name, truly appropriate to his petty pilferings. I don't like the fellow, and he doesn't like me. I don't care what he may say about me; but it isn't pleasant to be abused in Boston, in New Orleans and in all California by a little man like Jack Daw, whose poetry has been rejected by every magazine in America. [*Taking up paper.*] Of course, he writes first about the theatres, and fashions, and society, and then tucks literature into the far end of his letter. [*Reads.*] "There is but little literary news. The publishers are resting on their oars, and making ready for battle." [*Spoken*]: There's a nice derangement of epithets for you! [*Reading again*]: "The new poet, Rudolph Vernon, whose love story in verse, 'Passion and Pansies,' has been so successful, is engaged on another poem, likely to be as popular as its predecessor. [*Spoken, with smiling pleasure*]: That's rather neatly said. I always maintained that Jack Daw had a smart turn to his sentences. [*Reading again*]: "His next work is to be a strong social satire, in verse, of course, smiting severely the shams of Vanity Fair." [*Spoken*]: Mr. Daw has really a distinct idea of true criticism. I think I must ask him to din-

ner. [*Reads*]: "If vanity alone were the subject, the young poet need not go far for a model." [*Spoken*]: What does he mean by that? [*Reads*]: "He has only to look in the mirror! I met Mr. Vernon the other day, and I was disgusted to discover that a poet could be as conceited as a tenor!" [*Starting up.*] This is too much! [*Calling*]: Ethel! Ethel, my dear!

MRS. VERNON [*answering from the hall*]: Yes, love.

MR. VERNON [*pacing up and down*]: Can you come here a minute?

MRS. VERNON [*entering*]: Here I am! Why, what makes you so excited? [*Anxiously.*] Are you ill?

MR. VERNON: I have enough to make me! Just look at that! [*Holding out paper.*] That rascal Jack Daw, not content with making free with my name, insults me grossly.

MRS. VERNON [*indignantly*]: The little wretch! [*Pause, then inquisitively.*] What does he say?

MR. VERNON: He says I'm conceited!

MRS. VERNON: What an outrage!

MR. VERNON: Now, I am not conceited at all—though, perhaps, I have good reason to be.

MRS. VERNON [*sympathizingly*]: Of course you have, dear.

MR. VERNON: If there's one thing that I pride myself on it's the absence of conceit. I never even call myself a poet; I sent the book forth as a volume of verse.

MRS. VERNON [*soothingly*]: Never mind what one man says.

MR. VERNON: One man? Why, he writes

three letters all alike, and I suppose I am held up to public obloquy not only in Boston, but also in New Orleans and in California! He's a Cerberus, and it is not pleasant to have a three-headed cur snarling at one's heels all over the country.

Mrs. VERNON: It's really mean of him. And after your going out of your way to be polite to him last week, and telling him the exact number of copies already sold of "Passion and Pansies," and showing such an interest in him. I'd never speak to him again.

Mr. VERNON: If it wasn't that the poor wretch has a wife and four children I would write to Boston and get the fellow discharged.

Mrs. VERNON: He has a family? And he is poor? Then you will forgive him, Rudolph, won't you? Forgive him, to please me.

Mr. VERNON: I can't help myself.

Mrs. VERNON [*kissing her hand to him*]: You good old boy! Yes, you are good, very good. Indeed, I'm not so silly as to think you perfect—if you were not—but you are!

Mr. VERNON [*deprecatingly*]: My dear Ethel!

Mrs. VERNON: Yes, you are, and you know it. You are just perfect. [*Taking a seat.*]

Mr. VERNON [*sitting at writing-table*]: I hope you will always think so, my dear.

Mrs. VERNON [*sewing*]: I have never had any fault to find with you, except once. It was only a trifle, but I confess I felt hurt. You remember the lovely poem you wrote the day we were engaged?

Mr. VERNON: Could I ever forget it? You see a man's only engaged once, probably, and I had to get my feelings into verse while they were fresh and warm.

Mrs. VERNON: You said you wrote it for me alone.

Mr. VERNON: So I did.

Mrs. VERNON: A week after we were married I saw it in a magazine, where anybody might read it.

Mr. VERNON: But I explained to the editor the special circumstances under which it was written; and I made him pay me double my usual price.

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: You business-like poet!

Mr. VERNON: And I turned his check into the locket you have on; so that if you haven't the poem, you have at least the proceeds.

Mrs. VERNON: I put your picture in it, and so instead of the poem it seems I have the poet. [*Kisses locket.*] I do think, though, that it was the best thing you ever wrote.

Mr. VERNON: My dear, though I say it, who shouldn't, no one but a master could have written it!

Mrs. VERNON [*enthusiastically*]: And the world is beginning to hail you as a master.

Mr. VERNON: It may sound conceited in me to say so, but the man who did not confess that that poem was good, could never have had brains enough to write it!

Mrs. VERNON: I wish your new poem was a love story like the last.

Mr. VERNON: People have had enough passion for the present. Besides, I want to see if I cannot do savage satire and manly wrath and scorn of conventionality just like Dryden and Pope and those old fellows. I mean to make a grand personification of modern society, with all its restless yearnings and its fleshly weakness and its ample life; I mean to typify this in the figure of a woman, tall and fair and warm-colored—a robust beauty of the Rubens, or rather of the Titian school.

Mrs. VERNON [*slyly*]: And where will you find your model?

Mr. VERNON: That's just the trouble. You know I have to sketch from life. I took you for the heroine for "Passions and Pansies." Now, if I could only get a good look at the woman I have in my eye. But where am I to see her?

Mrs. VERNON: Do you really need her?

Mr. VERNON: She is the type; she is the figure in which the whole work is centred. You see, I want to scourge society until its deaf-and-dumb conscience cries out. [*Emphatically.*] I want to show the hollow shams which cumber public places—the pulpit and the press [*slaps desk and strikes newspaper*]; particularly the press. I shall show up its shallow pretense to ubiquitous omniscience [*takes up newspaper and reads*].

Mrs. VERNON: That's my noble husband!

Let the world see you are not afraid of doing good and of being in the right!

Mr. VERNON [*crushing paper in his hand*]: It's too bad that any petty scribbler should be allowed to crack jokes against one in this way.

Mrs. VERNON [*anxiously crossing to him*]: What is it now, my dear?

Mr. VERNON [*giving her the paper*]: Read that!

Mrs. VERNON [*taking it*]: It is Mr. Daw's letter.

Mr. VERNON: Read there [*pointing to paragraph*].

Mr. VERNON [*reading*]: "Mr. Vernon fills a semi-sinecure position in the Methuselah Life Insurance Company, of which his father is the president. It is hard for a genius to be condemned to vital statistics, and instead of inventing figures, to have to add them up. But it is harder still for a poet not to be able to let his interesting hero die young for fear of setting a bad example to the insured."

Mr. VERNON: Ribald jester!

Mrs. VERNON: I confess I do not see any joke. [*Reading*]: "I was talking to a publisher last week and he said that there was no market nowadays for poetry, and that it was a drug. I felt like adding that, at least, Mr. Vernon's verse might be sold as a soporific."

Mr. VERNON: Scurrilous libeler! If my verses put people to sleep it is more than his have a chance to do, unless he reads them himself. But I'll wake him up.

Mrs. VERNON: I suppose I have no sense of humor; they say no woman has; but I do dislike to see a man trying to be funny.

Mr. VERNON: His attempt at epigram is but the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Mrs. VERNON [*going back to rocking-chair*]: Well, dear, you say the poor fellow has a family; perhaps he has to keep the pot boiling somehow.

(*The door-bell rings and a shrill whistle is heard.*)

Mr. VERNON: There's the postman.

Mrs. VERNON: I wonder if we shall have any more letters from the susceptible old maids whose hearts have been stirred by "Passions and Pansies." Do you know, dear, I looked through the letters you have received from unknown ladies since

your poem was published, and there are over thirty.

Mr. VERNON [*pleased*]: Thirty-two, I think.

Mrs. VERNON: So you kept count? Well, I've kept the letters.

Mr. VERNON: They are pleasant evidence that my verses have been appreciated by those whose praise is most pleasant to me, for it comes from their hearts, I mean—the women.

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: Rudolph, I really cannot allow a lot of women to go on writing to my husband—and in such extravagant language, too. There is one woman who signs Isabella; I am sure she is a plain old maid.

Mr. VERNON [*quickly*]: Oh, no, my dear! Oh, no, indeed! On the contrary! From a study of her charming letter I am sure she is a married woman, young, and probably handsome, and, I fear me greatly, an unappreciated wife.

Mrs. VERNON [*laughing*]: So you read between the lines? It is well for you that I am not jealous.

Mr. VERNON [*seriously*]: Don't jest about jealousy, my dear; it is as sacred as love itself. Cupid's arrows are edged tools, and to sport with Hymen's torch is a playing with fire. [*Quickly*]: I'll just note that figure for use in the future. [*Makes note at table.*]

Mrs. VERNON: I don't know what jealousy really is. I don't think I could be jealous. If my husband were to wish to leave me I should let him go at once. My heart might break because I had lost him, but I should not envy my rival's gain.

(*Jane enters the door with letters.*)

JANE: Here are the letters, ma'am. [*Mr. Vernon holds out his hand for them. Jane crosses to him as Mrs. Vernon says*]: Give them to me, Jane.

(*Jane gives letters to Mrs. Vernon and leaves the room.*)

Mr. VERNON [*crossing to Mrs. Vernon*]: Is there anything for me?

Mrs. VERNON [*looking over letters*]: Here's one. It's in a woman's hand, too.

(*As Mrs. Vernon hands envelope to Mr. Vernon the letter falls out. Mr. Vernon picks up letter and Mrs. Vernon drops the envelope*)

Mr. VERNON: It's a woman's careless hand which sealed that envelope. [*Unfolds letter and reads.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*noting her husband's smile*]: Is that from another old maid?

Mr. VERNON: I do not know the lady who wrote it, but she evidently likes my humble efforts in verse. [*Handing letter to Mrs. Vernon.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*glancing at letter*]: This one is not an old maid; from the writing she is a mere school-girl. [*Reads.*] "I have just concluded the breathless perusal of your grand poem, and I cannot rest until I pour out my soul to you on paper—that soul which you have moved to its innermost depths." [*Laughing.*] Rudolph, you must wrap up her soul in the paper, carefully, and send it back to her. Ha! ha!

Mr. VERNON [*touchily*]: My dear, I see nothing to laugh at in this disinterested display of sympathy.

Mrs. VERNON [*laughing*]: But I see something to laugh at in the poor child going around without any soul.

Mr. VERNON [*with dignity*]: If there are any more letters for me, perhaps I had better read them alone.

Mrs. VERNON [*hurt*]: Perhaps you had. [*Hands him letter which he opens and reads. Mrs. Vernon gathers together her sewing and basket and rises.*] And perhaps I had better leave you alone here with your work. My presence may interfere with your poetical moods. [*Goes toward door R.*]

Mr. VERNON [*finishing letter*]: Read this, my dear, read this! [*With some excitement.*] What would Jack Daw say if he could get letters like this? [*Hands letter to Mrs. Vernon.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*glancing over letter*]: Why, it's another from that Isabella woman. What does she mean by writing to you twice? And in the same strain of emotional gush!

Mr. VERNON [*irritated*]: Gush! My dear, gush! How often have I told you that the word gush is vulgar?

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: It may be vulgar, but it just describes a letter like hers. [*Reads.*] "I have read again and again that great scene of amorous passion, the scene at Interlaken where the snowy Monk and Maiden keep their solemn watch and ward."

[*Spoken.*] That's a quotation from the book—and almost the only thing in it I did not like.

Mr. VERNON [*crossly*]: You see other people have better taste.

Mrs. VERNON [*curtseying à la Lady Teazle*]: "And after having married you, Sir Peter, I should never pretend to taste again."

[*Gaily*]: Don't be cross, Rudolph, because I am amused at Miss Isabella. See how she goes on. [*Reads.*] "The scene where you describe love, old as the hills, and yet ever fresh as the valleys; this is simply the sublimest thing ever penned by human hand." [*Laughs.*]

Mr. VERNON [*sharply*]: I wish you would not laugh.

Mrs. VERNON [*seriously*]: And why not?

Mr. VERNON: Because I do not think it kind of you to jeer at a tender young heart—

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling and glancing at letter*]: A tender young heart who likes sublimity, and—

Mr. VERNON [*hastily*]: Give me that letter.

Mrs. VERNON [*seriously*]: Certainly, if you wish it.

Mr. VERNON [*taking letter*]: I do.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: What is the matter with Rudolph?

Mr. VERNON: I thought you above such petty jealousy.

Mrs. VERNON [*stung—hastily*]: Rudolph, do you mean — [*recovering herself*] I am above it?

Mr. VERNON [*crosses to table*]: Then don't show it any more.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside, with deep feeling*]: Jealousy! As though I could be jealous of a woman I never saw, and of whom I know nothing, except that she has written a letter to my husband—what has Rudolph done with that letter? [*Turns to Mr. Vernon, whose back is toward her, but whom she can see in glass over fireplace.*] He does not think that I can see him in the mirror. Why, he is putting that letter carefully away in his pocket!

Mr. VERNON [*turning around and going to the door*]: I am going upstairs to change my coat for the office. [*And he leaves the room, with dignity.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*alone*]: Why did he put

that letter in his pocket? What is this Isabella to him that he should keep her letters? [*Crosses and then pauses.*] Am I making a goose of myself just because my husband chos'es to keep a flattering letter from a silly woman? I ought to be pleased when he plays on the hearts of his readers till they move to his music. But I do wish the women wouldn't keep on writing to him. I confess I don't like to have my husband receiving letters from a pack of women nobody knows. No matter—I am proud of my poet, and I must take the ill with the good. As he said in his poem, "Joys without sorrows are as impossible as valleys without mountains." [*Going.*] And yet the self-satisfied air with which he gets each fresh letter does irritate me, I confess. [*Sees envelope on the floor.*] What's this? [*Picks it up.*] It's the envelope of one of his letters—the one that came unsealed. [*Gaily.*] I'll seal it up and hand it to him again as though it had just come. No empty envelope can make me uncomfortable. [*Pauses as she is going to seal it.*] Better still! I'll write him a letter myself. I can write a capital disguised hand. I'm sure he'll never know it. [*Sits at table.*] And I'll gush as well as any Isabella. That's an idea. I'll sign it Isabella, and I'll make it very fiery and emotional. [*Writes.*] We'll see if I can't give him an overdose of admiration, and disgust him with it once for all. He thinks this Isabella is an unhappy wife. I'll humor the idea. [*Putting down pen.*] There! [*Reading.*] "It is only the memory of your poetry which sustains me in my lonely sorrow, and I have no refuge but you in the whole wide, wide world. Though I may not meet you until death I am thine until then. Yours ever and forever, Isabella." [*Spoken.*] I think that's strong enough for him. [*Seals the letter in the envelope.*] And now the sooner he comes down to get his lesson the better I shall be pleased. I'll leave the letter on his table. [*Crosses.*] Just in time, for here he is.

(*Takes her seat in a comfortable arm-chair near the fireplace.*)

MR. VERNON [*enters, hat in hand*]: Ethel, my dear, isn't this coat getting a little shabby?

Mrs. VERNON: I had not noticed it.

Besides, a poet need not pay attention to such mundane trifles as clothes. I doubt if Apollo or the Muses wear any.

MR. VERNON [*putting hat on table*]: Very good, my dear, very good indeed. But I don't believe in the Byron collar and the Walt Whitman felt hat and the Joaquin Miller boots. I dress like a gentleman.

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: Clothed and in your right mind.

MR. VERNON: Precisely. Frenzy and rags are out of fashion.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Why doesn't he go over there and see the letter? [*Aloud.*] Look at the coat in the glass if you want to see it.

MR. VERNON [*crossing to mirror*]: Yes; I think it will do. [*Curts his mustache in the glass and then crosses back to her.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How provoking! He won't look at my letter. [*Aloud.*] Ah, Rudolph, isn't there another letter on the table; one you haven't read?

MR. VERNON: I think not. [*Crosses to table.*] Yes, you are right; here is one. [*Takes up letter and opens it.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Now, what will he say to that?

MR. VERNON [*aside*]: It is from my charming but unknown correspondent, Isabella.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Will he show it to me?

MR. VERNON [*aside*]: It is a warm epistle, very warm indeed. [*Glancing at Mrs. Vernon.*] Perhaps I had better not let my wife see it. She has no sympathy with the emotions my simple verses seem to arouse.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: He looks pleased, and he's keeping it all to himself. [*Aloud.*] What is your letter, Rudolph?

MR. VERNON [*embarrassed*]: Nothing, my dear, nothing of any consequence.

Mrs. VERNON [*mischievously*]: Is it a business letter?

MR. VERNON [*hastily*]: Yes, my dear, a mere business note, but of no importance.

Mrs. VERNON: Since it's about business I don't care to see it. But if it was a note from one of your old maids about "Passions and Pansies" I should insist on your showing it to me.

MR. VERNON [*putting letter in pocket quickly*]: It's nothing of the sort, my dear, it's only a business communication. [*Aside.*]

It's just as well that I did not show it to her. She's a good soul, a very good soul—but I think I had better keep this correspondence to myself.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How quickly he put it away in his pocket; if I had not written it myself I think I should not like that.

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: I wonder now who this Isabella can be?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: I'll tease him a little. [*Aloud.*] By the by, Rudolph, why is [*suddenly and forcibly*—oh!

Mr. VERNON: What is it, my dear?

Mrs. VERNON [*aloud, sharply*]: Nothing, oh, nothing at all. [*Aside.*] What a story he told! [*Indignantly.*] What an awful story! And he said it so calmly—and so quickly, too—that at first I didn't notice it. A business letter—just as if I hadn't written it myself! A woman doesn't write business letters to her own husband.

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: She seems somewhat perturbed in spirit.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: I never knew him tell me a story before. And how easily he did it! Just as though he believed it himself.

Mr. VERNON: My dear—

Mrs. VERNON [*forcibly*]: Sir?

Mr. VERNON: Nothing, oh, nothing at all. [*Aside.*] Very much perturbed indeed.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Poetic imagination is all very well in books, but in everyday life I want truth. When a poet's got a wife he must not let his imagination take the bit in its teeth and run away with him.

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: I fear there is something the matter with Ethel.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: I should like to give him a lesson which will curb his imagination. But how? What can I do?

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: I do wonder who Isabella can be? She's an indefatigable correspondent—two letters by one mail. By the way, how did that second letter get here?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside.*] What can I devise? I might write him more letters from Isabella until he hated her name. But will he be caught a second time?

Mr. VERNON: I say, Ethel—

Mrs. VERNON [*shortly*]: Don't interrupt me, Mr. Vernon: I'm thinking.

Mr. VERNON: Well, I only wanted to ask what this letter—

Mrs. VERNON [*turning round suddenly*]: This business letter—

Mr. VERNON [*recoiling with surprise*]: Yes—yes—this business letter.

Mrs. VERNON: Well, what of this business letter?

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: She speaks as though she suspected; I'm glad I did not show her the letter—very glad indeed.

Mrs. VERNON: What was it you wished to ask me?

Mr. VERNON: I merely wanted to know how there came to be two letters by the same mail?

Mrs. VERNON: Two letters?

Mr. VERNON: Two letters from the same person.

Mrs. VERNON [*severely*]: Did you have two letters on business?

Mr. VERNON [*surprised*]: On business? [*Seeing his blunder.*] Oh, yes—yes—two letters—that is—of course—well—perhaps there was only one letter.

Mrs. VERNON [*with a forced laugh*]: Have you been drinking this morning, Mr. Vernon, that you see double and take one letter on business for two?

Mr. VERNON [*confused*]: Of course—of course—it was a slip of the tongue.

Mrs. VERNON [*maliciously*]: Perhaps you were not thinking of a business letter—perhaps you were thinking of the letters from your admiring old maids?

Mr. VERNON: Oh, no—oh, no! I never think of them—not at all. [*Aside.*] I hate to hear her call my feminine admirers old maids; it's humiliating.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: I have it! I'll invent an Isabella to fit the letters.

Mr. VERNON [*deprecatingly*]: Ethel, my dear, I wish you would not refer to those sympathetic ladies, who are kind enough to say they like my verses, as "old maids."

Mrs. VERNON [*sharply*]: Well, they are old maids, are they not?

Mr. VERNON [*taken aback*]: I really don't know, but from their letters I should rather think them tender and youthful enthusiasts.

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: Rudolph, you are a youthful enthusiast! So long as you only get letters from these old maids I don't care; but if I once caught you reading a

tender letter from a handsome woman [*with exaggeration*], I should be a raging lion!

Mr. VERNON [*aside*]: I never knew my wife was of so excitable a temperament.

Mrs. VERNON: I should be as jealous as the Moor and your muse would have a model for a Lady Othello!

Mr. VERNON [*crossing to table*]: Lady Othello—an excellent idea—I wonder if it's been done? [*Makes note at table.*] I think it could be used in a sonnet.

Mrs. VERNON: I should be jealous, now, if you were to get a letter from this woman that I have seen several times here prowling around the neighborhood. [*Watching him closely.*]

Mr. VERNON [*carelessly*]: What woman?

Mrs. VERNON: How should I know? I suppose she is some tender enthusiast who seeks a sight of the great poet, Rudolph Vernon.

Mr. VERNON [*smiles with conceit and then recovers himself*]: Impossible! impossible! [*Greatly pleased in spite of himself.*] Do you really think so?

Mrs. VERNON [*smiling*]: She was looking at the house most intently.

Mr. VERNON [*eagerly*]: And you say she was a handsome woman?

Mrs. VERNON: No, I did not say so.

Mr. VERNON [*disappointed*]: I so understood you—

Mrs. VERNON: Whether I said it or not—I suppose she is what you men call handsome.

Mr. VERNON: In the matter of female beauty you must allow that we men are the best judges.

Mrs. VERNON: Go to the window and perhaps you may see her.

Mr. VERNON: I will. [*Goes to window.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: He must have very keen eyes if he can see a woman who only exists in imagination. But a poet ought to be equal to that. [*Aloud.*] Is she there?

Mr. VERNON [*disgusted*]: No. There's no one in sight but two school-girls and a venerable rag-picker.

Mrs. VERNON: Then you cannot gratify her by a sight of the bard she adores.

Mr. VERNON [*conceitedly*]: Do you suppose she really seeks to see me?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: There's no difficulty in deceiving him at all. [*Aloud.*] I

have seen her here four or five times within two or three days, walking up and down on the opposite side of the street and watching this house. What could she want except to see you?

Mr. VERNON: It's strange that I have never seen her. But perhaps she has seen me. [*With affected carelessness.*] What is she like?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: He takes even more interest than I thought he would. [*Pause.*] And I do not know that it altogether pleases me.

Mr. VERNON [*impatiently*]: What is she like, eh?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How impatient he is! I'll punish him by inventing a woman whom the men would call handsome.

Mr. VERNON: If you are jealous of this lady you need not say anything more about her.

Mrs. VERNON [*quickly*]: Jealous! As if I could be jealous of a non— [*Stops short.*] Oh, yes, I can tell you about her.

Mr. VERNON [*eagerly*]: Well?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How eager he is! [*Aloud.*] She is a big yellow-haired woman, with the stride of a grenadier and looking disgustingly healthy.

Mr. VERNON: Yes, yes! Go on.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How very eager he is! I am half sorry I began this.

Mr. VERNON [*impatiently*]: You say she is a tall, handsome woman, with the firm tread of a goddess and the sturdy health of a hunter. Can't you tell me more?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How quickly he turns my fiction into his poetry! And how animated he is! I do not like the thought of his seeming to care so much for another woman, even though she does not exist.

Mr. VERNON [*abruptly*]: Can't you answer me, Ethel? I am anxiously awaiting further particulars.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: I'll paint her as handsome as possible, so that if he waver in his allegiance to me it will not be for any shabby creature. [*Aloud, rapidly.*] She had clear blue eyes, and a beautiful nose, and the whitest of teeth, and a lovely smile, and a complexion as clear and delicate as ever Titian painted.

Mr. VERNON [*very much interested*]: In fact, she was a perfect model for Titian?

Mrs. VERNON: Exactly. [*Mr. Vernon crosses to table and sits and writes a few words, Mrs. Vernon watching him.*] He is setting down her description so that he may not forget her. [*Aside, sadly.*] Ah, Rudolph! I did not think your affection for me so fickle that you would run after the first pretty woman who passed.

Mr. VERNON [*at table*]: You have given me her face; now, how is her figure?

Mrs. VERNON [*with growing sickness at heart, aside*]: I've begun, and I'll go through with it; but my heart begins to fail me. [*Aloud.*] I suppose you men would call it a good figure? it seemed to me very plump.

Mr. VERNON [*enthusiastically*]: I see, a series of graceful curves! I should like to see her! And her hair?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Oh, Rudolph, Rudolph! you do not think how you are torturing me. [*Aloud.*] She had a lot of red hair streaming down her back.

Mr. VERNON [*throwing down pen and rising*]: A mass of dull red gold, falling rich and full upon the neck. I should like to see her very much indeed!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Is his love for me so slight that he can be led astray after a phantom? Am I held so lightly as this?

Mr. VERNON [*who has been walking up and down excitedly crosses to Mrs. Vernon and asks*]: Will she be back again to-day?

Mrs. VERNON: How do I know?

Mr. VERNON: True, true!

Mrs. VERNON [*eagerly*]: Do you wish to see her?

Mr. VERNON [*forcibly*]: Do I wish to see her? I must see her!

Mrs. VERNON [*almost fainting*]: Oh! [*Recovers herself and supports herself on a chair. Aside.*] I have gone too far; I have not punished him but myself; I have gone too far, indeed, and now I cannot turn back. [*Rouses herself.*] I'll make one more trial; I'll give myself another chance. [*Going slowly toward door R.*] I'll see whether the love that binds him to me is so brittle that it breaks at the first beck of a passing beauty!

Mr. VERNON [*preoccupied*]: Are you going?

Mrs. VERNON [*at the door*]: I shall be back in a few minutes—perhaps. [*Aside.*]

I have given my whole heart, and I thought I had his whole heart. I am not willing to share it even with a fantasy. I'll put him to the test this once. I'll see the tragedy played out, even though the curtain fall on the death of my love—the love that is all my life. [*Exit.*]

Mr. VERNON [*alone*]: Ethel seems nervous and restless this morning; very restless indeed. Well—I suppose all women are perambulatory barometers—their spirits go up and down with every change of the wind. I must say that Ethel is generally of an even temper—fixed fair, so to speak. This Isabella, now, who has written to me twice to-day already—she varies from changeable to stormy. [*Takes out letter.*] She varies very suddenly indeed. [*Reads.*] "Though I may not meet you until death, I am thine till then." [*Spoken.*] That is a storm warning. "Sudden changes of temperature and sharp squalls throughout the Atlantic coast." What sort of a temperament has the beautiful creature my wife describes. [*Goes to window up 11.*] She has not come back yet. She must be enchanting. [*Enthusiastically.*] A full but faultless figure, a lovely face, a firm tread, robust health [*glancing at notes on table*], and—rich golden hair! What a sight for a painter! Oh, I must see her! [*Jane enters.*] What is it, Jane?

JANE [*handing letter*]: This letter, sir, which Mrs. Vernon says has just been left for you. [*Aside, going.*] Though how that can be I don't see, for I ain't heard no bell ring, nor no door slam. [*Exit.*]

Mr. VERNON [*sitting and opening*]: I seem to know the handwriting—though it is so unsteady, I can hardly read it. [*Mrs. Vernon appears at the door, and comes forward behind screen watching Mr. Vernon.*]

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: This is a final trial. If he goes out to seek this Isabella when he has read that letter, then I know his love for me is all a fragile pretense. What will he do?

Mr. VERNON, [*surprised*]: Why, it's from Isabella. She is getting on; three letters in one morning. She is getting on very fast indeed.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside, joyfully*]: He shows no emotion. Perhaps I have judged him too hastily. He may not be as fickle and as false as I have feared.

Mr. VERNON [*starting up*]: What's this? [*Reads*]. "I have watched and waited before your house again and again these two last long days in the vain hope of seeing you, and I can wait no longer." The Titian-like beauty and Isabella are one and the same!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: It is not jealousy I feel—for there is no one to be jealous of—I know that there is no Isabella. It is a deadly sickness at heart—because I fear my husband stands ready to run from me. If I do not have him, what do I care whether there be no one else to take him or not?

Mr. VERNON: She not only adores me in private, but seeks me in public. [*Conceitedly*]. It's really a pleasant sensation to be admired by so beautiful a being.

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: He seems pleased; he smiles with delight. [*Sadly*]. I did not mistake him, then. He is interested in this creature of my idle sport.

Mr. VERNON [*reading again*]: "And I can wait no longer." [*Spoken*]. What is she up to now, I wonder? [*Reads*]. "Though, I have never seen you, I feel sure I should at once recognize that poetic form which I have conjured up as the author of 'Passions and Pansies.'"

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: What will he do when he has read it through?

Mr. VERNON: I should like to see this Isabella; I should like to see her very much. [*Reading*]. "To you I turn for refuge. I can no longer bear with the brutality of my husband." [*Spoken*]. Her husband ill-treats her, does he? The wretch!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: This doubt, this suspense is agony!

Mr. VERNON: To ill-treat a lovely creature like Isabella! It's brutal! [*Reads*]. "I have determined to fly to you!" [*Spoken*]. To me?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: He shows no great delight! Ah, if he will only stand the test!

Mr. VERNON [*reading*]: "I have determined to fly to you. I write these hasty words—I leave them for you myself, and I await you at once in the park before your door."

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Will he go? Will he stay?

Mr. VERNON [*irresolute, hesitating*]: I scarcely understand. [*Reads again, slowly*]. "I await you at once in the park before your house." [*Rapidly*]. She is in the park—here—now! I must see her! [*Seizes his hat and goes toward the door*]. I must see her at once! [*Exit*].

[*As Mr. Vernon, on his way to the door, passes the screen, Mrs. Vernon steps into the room. Weak and tottering, she watches him out of the door, then she staggers to the window, whispering feverishly.*]

Mrs. VERNON: He has gone! Oh, my husband, my husband! [*Noise of door slammed*]. He shuts the door! [*At window*]. I see him going from me to seek another! And when he does not find that other he may return to me? No, oh, no! When my trust is once broken I cannot love. This house is no place for me now. [*Rises and falls half-fainting*]. Ah, I must not be weak like this; I must have more strength; I must think of what I have to do; I must nerve myself for the future—a lonely future—without any one by my side. [*Passionately*]. Oh, I cannot bear to think of it! He abandons me because of a chance word. And I—I worshiped him; I set him on a high pedestal before me; my idolatry is punished; alas, a woman never sees the clay feet of her idol till it is bowed before her in the dust! [*Rises*]. I am so weak—and I need all my force now. [*Breaking down and bursting into tears*]. And I did love him so—I did love him so—and I thought he loved me, too. [*Starting up*]. Why did I try this foolish jest? Why did I dare so dangerous a game with a thing as sacred as my love? Fool! Fool that I was to sport with my heart! I was happy in the thought that he loved me—why could I not rest content? [*Walking to and fro*]. My head aches and my throat is choking. [*Puts hands to neck and touches locket*]. His locket! He gave it to me on our wedding trip. [*Opens it*]. And he is in it. [*Throws locket down impatiently*]. I cast it off—and forever! Why should I care for it now? What do I care now for anything? [*Drops languidly in arm-chair*]. I must rouse myself; I must think—plan—determine! He will not return till this afternoon. I have six hours before me to decide on my course. [*Noise of door shutting*]. What is that? It is Rudolph! He has found no

Isabella and he comes home again to me. [*Bitterly.*] But I have done with him.

Mr. VERNON [*entering, disgusted*]: Isabella wasn't there!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: How interested he must have been in her to be so disappointed.

Mr. VERNON: I searched the whole park and she wasn't there! It's too bad! It's altogether too bad!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: It pains me to be in the same room with him now. I cannot stand it. I want air [*rises*].

Mr. VERNON [*seeing her*]: Ah, Ethel [*goes toward her*].

Mrs. VERNON [*shrinking*]: Don't come near me, sir.

Mr. VERNON [*surprised*]: What's the matter now?

Mrs. VERNON [*crossing*]: Go to your Isabella!

Mr. VERNON: So *you* know about that, do you? In the whole park there were only three women, two of them were foreign domestics and the third was a bald-headed old maid. Isabella was not there! I tell you, there's no relying on you women. No matter how important the engagement may be, just as likely as not you won't keep it!

Mrs. VERNON [*astonished, aside*]: Is he barefaced enough to complain to *me* about his disappointment?

Mr. VERNON [*taking out letter*]: Just look at that note! She says as plainly as possible that she is waiting for me in the park.

Mrs. VERNON [*with indignation*]: And you dare to tell me that you went out to see her?

Mr. VERNON: Of course I went out to see her. It was absolutely necessary that I should see her!

Mrs. VERNON [*coldly*]: I do not see the necessity.

Mr. VERNON: My dear Ethel, you do not take half enough interest in my work.

Mrs. VERNON [*sarcastically*]: Your work! Was it necessary for your poetry that you should run after a handsome woman?

Mr. VERNON: Now, don't you know I have to see a thing before I can paint it? and didn't I tell you this very morning that I wanted to typify modern society in the figure of a tall, fair, robust beauty, such as Titian might have painted. This Isabella, as you described her, seemed just the model I was seeking.

Mrs. VERNON [*surprised, after a pause, suddenly*]: And for the sake of your poetry you were willing to abandon your wife and go off with a strange woman?

Mr. VERNON: Don't be absurd, my dear. I meant to see Isabella, but I never meant Isabella to see me—on the contrary!

Mrs. VERNON [*aside*]: Can this be another of his poetical vagaries? [*Aloud.*] But you were going to meet her?

Mr. VERNON: I was going to look at her. She says in her note that she does not know me by sight, and I certainly had no intention of introducing myself.

Mrs. VERNON [*incredulously*]: You did not mean to speak to her?

Mr. VERNON: Speak to her! Why should I? I only wanted a good look at her, and I have not been able even to get a glimpse of her. You women are so unreliable.

Mrs. VERNON [*joyfully, aside*]: Oh, if it should be true! If I could only believe it! [*Aloud.*] You only wanted to look at her?

Mr. VERNON: Of course!

Mrs. VERNON: Are you sure?

Mr. VERNON [*indignantly*]: Of course I am sure! What do you mean?

Mrs. VERNON [*aside, joyfully*]: He did not intend to desert me! How I have misjudged him! Dear Rudolph! [*Looking around.*]

Mr. VERNON: What are you looking for?

Mrs. VERNON: Nothing—nothing—only my locket. I—I dropped it. [*Picking it up.*] Here it is! [*Kisses it.*] Oh, Rudolph, how I do love you!

Mr. VERNON: Not more than I love you, my dear. [*Surprised.*] What has come over her all of a sudden? She seems very changeable. [*Abruptly.*] Oh, how did you know anything about Isabella?

Mrs. VERNON: That's a secret! [*Playfully.*] I'll tell you when your new poem is published.

Mr. VERNON: Do you think I shall have another chance of seeing her?

Mrs. VERNON [*laughing*]: To be frank—I do not! [*With an outburst of affection.*] Rudolph—love is a hard lesson—but I think I have it by heart now!

Mr. VERNON [*crossing quickly to table*]: Very neat expression, my dear. Very neat,

indeed. I think I can use it in the second *and smiling*]: That's the way you take all
canto. [*Makes a note of it.*] the pretty things I say. Who would be a
poet's wife!

Mrs. VERNON [*looking at him affectionately,*

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE OLD ELM.

Judge Charles R. Ingalls, of Troy, is the owner of the paternal homestead of his family at Greenwich, Washington county, N. Y. Near one of the lines of the property, stands a noble old elm, which has grown so large that its trunk extends into the adjoining lot. A person who had lately purchased that lot was about to cut down the tree; and to save it from destruction, the Judge paid many times its value for a strip of land next the homestead, and wide enough to protect the elm. In writing of this to a friend, he says: "It is so beautiful a tree that it might well be worshiped. . . . If you could see it in June, I am certain it would wake up your enthusiasm. Even with its naked boughs it seems to thank me for saving its life. I thank God I am able to protect a spot so dear to me. I do not believe it is all sentiment, but if it is, I treasure it sacredly."

This incident has suggested the following lines, which are inscribed to Judge Ingalls, by his friend.

An elm stood on my father's line,
A mark of his ancestral bounds,
His care in youth, his pride in prime,
In age the glory of his grounds.

He watched its growth as, year by year,
It spread new beauties in the sky,
And oft I've seen the starting tear
Of joy light up his aged eye,

When summer's robe of lustrous hue
Draped all its lithe and graceful limbs,
And southern breezes, sighing through,
Dropped music set to Nature's hymns.

Thick foliage caught the sunbeam's rays
As I, in play or dreaming sweet,
Through frequent hours of childhood's days,
Pressed the green carpet at its feet.

Or, if the winds let through the beams,
To dance upon the sward with me,
With clamorous joy I chased the gleams,
Elusive as the sparks at sea.

Long years have fled, and I am left
To guard alone the dear old place,
Of nought of beauty yet bereft,
Save many a loved but absent face.

Abroad the ancient elm has spread
Its roots and boughs with firmer stand,
Till half its stately trunk and head
Invade and hold a stranger's land.

For whom no memories of the past
Its store of sacred joys recall,
Nor filial loves around it cast
Affection's arm to stay its fall.

And he hath said, "The tree must die,"
Its doom the old elm seemed to know.
In autumn's gales I heard a cry—
A sigh of grief foreboding woe.

Fear not, old tree, thou shalt not die!
Gold is but dross 'twixt thee and me,
Love unalloyed hath power to buy
A ransomed right to cherish thee.

'Tis done. Dear elm, thou'rt mine again,
Thy roots and boughs and stem are free
To lift their crown toward sun and rain,
And birds shall nest and sing in thee,

Through all thy summers yet to come.
And when the last day sets for me,
Still tenderer hands shall keep the home,
And gentler love stand guard o'er thee.

My words of cheer the old tree hears,
With drooping boughs it strives to bless,
And raindrops softly fall like tears,
Fragrant with speechless thankfulness.

NOAH DAVIS.

CARICATURE.

"**C**ERVANTES laughed Spain's chivalry away." Thanks to that happy phrase, the world knows what a powerful agent ridicule was, in at least one instance. But the very prominence given to that by no means certain achievement of the Spanish humorist has served to dwarf into insignificance, or push back into obscurity, several other far more significant victories gained not wholly, but at least largely, by the aid of that illogical weapon, that stuffed club of argument, ridicule.

Long before the scalpel of logic dared to be used against the festering ignorance of the Middle Ages, ridicule in cap and bells hung about, with its inflated bladder, with such a merry air, that even mother church laughed every time she was hit. Nay, so infectious was the fun, that she even deigned to borrow the clown's insignia and masquerade in it—as, for example, when she decorated her great cathedrals with bas-reliefs burlesquing the most sacred rites and ceremonies, only that the people might laugh, and laughing forget.

It may be safe to say that every great popular movement in England since Wycliffe, and perhaps before his time, has been

laughed into strength. The pasquinade did its full share toward consolidating Italy. France's bloody revolution was preceded and made possible by decades of gibes and comic verses, which convulsed the suffering proletariat with a ghastly mirth, but at the same time taught it its rights, showed it its strength, and exposed to it its woe. When Spain ceased to laugh, she stood still. But when a few years ago she learned to laugh once more, she also began to move forward.

It will not be out of place to say here that ridicule pretends to nothing. It has no inherent virtue, no purpose. It is merely a result of certain phases of the human mind. It is unreasoning; and therein, indeed, lies its great power. It may side with a good cause or a bad one. That it is oftener found laughing at the bad is only because its nature forces it to do so. The bad offers it more opportunities than the good.

In the early ages it was difficult for ridicule to do its work. There were no means of disseminating it compared with those which afterward were brought into being. The story-teller went his rounds and the sculptor and painter exposed their handiwork, but it was not until the engraver, the etcher and the printer were born, that ridicule became a real power. Then she oftenest employed caricature, and found it the most potent of her servants. In those days, because the masses could not read, the wordy



JAPANESE CARICATURE



CHINESE GROTESQUE



NAPOLEON III. AS A VULTURE

caricature was seldom used, and the picture which the dullest and most illiterate might comprehend became the vogue.

In this day, too, the picture is the favorite mode of caricature, but for a different, as well as for the same reason. It is still within the ken of those who cannot read, or read but haltingly, and besides it is convenient for the man who "has no time to read such things." But more than this the caricature is now what it never was before, and the man of wit, the scholar and the artist, may find it worthy of study. The good caricature, as will be shown, is now a work of art, in more than the limited sense of being a careful and mechanically correct piece of work.

What the caricature really is is not generally understood. There is a proneness to confound it with the grotesque, the burlesque or the character sketch, such, for example, as Hogarth drew with so

much force and vividness. Will it not be a revelation to many to learn that Hogarth was not a caricaturist? No doubt there are those who will cast the revelation aside and call it heresy. But it is nevertheless the truth—a truth which will be better comprehended when caricature is defined.

Caricature is exaggeration for the sake of emphasis. A good illustration of this principle can be found in comparing the Japanese caricature with the Chinese grotesque. The element of the grotesque or the burlesque may or may not enter into the final result. In the conception it has no place. A caricature without a shadow of these elements, and yet a caricature of the best and most telling kind, was current during the days of the Reformation.

To the Pope, Calvin was a heretic, a freethinker. To Calvin, Servetus, who believed in one God but not in a trinity, was a heretic, a freethinker. The Pope would have burned Calvin but could not. Calvin drew up the charges against Servetus and Servetus was burned. The picture showed Servetus dignified, suffering, burning, Calvin grim but eagerly picking up fagots and casting them into the flames. The caricaturist sought only a joke at Calvin's expense. But, as usual, he unavoidably made the world laugh at more than the man; it laughed at the spirit of intolerance.

The caricature, to have any force, must



A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER



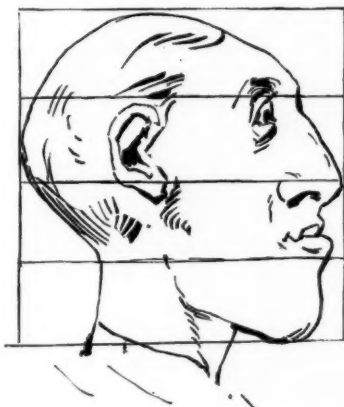
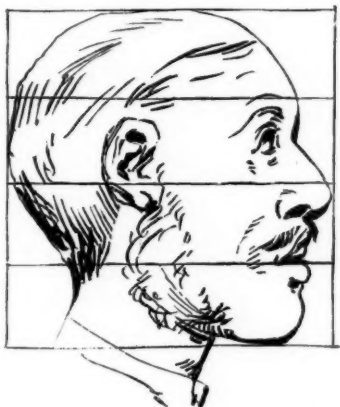
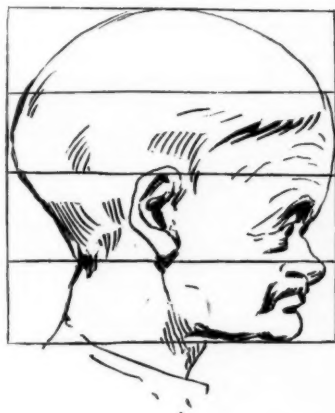
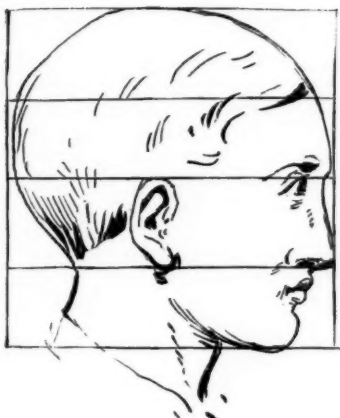
VARIOUS HUMAN ANIMALS

be personal and timely, and being personal is usually offensive. Nevertheless, though the caricature must depict persons, it is always an idea that is caricatured, and it is the realization of this which makes the caricature of to-day full of subtleties, which may escape the particular notice of the on-looker, but which all go to produce the desired effect upon him.

To understand this, let us see why and how a caricature is made. The cause of its being is an unspoken demand for it. And it is the faculty of divining this de-

mand that primarily makes the caricaturist, just as it is the knowledge of what public opinion is before the public itself is conscious of it, that makes the journalist—that is, the good journalist. The good caricaturist is never in the minority; not from servility, but because it is not his office to lead.

He finds the public interested in some movement, some idea. The movement is represented by some man or men. There is a psychological sympathy between the man and the movement. This the caricaturist sees. He is a phrenologist, a physiogno-



FOUR SECTIONS OF THE HUMAN HEAD IN PROFILE

mist, a physiologist. He knows that the traits of character which have naturally made this man the exponent of an idea, the leader of a movement, are not hidden in the recesses of his bosom, but are set forth by parallel physical characteristics.

That is to say, all successful gamblers have certain internal and, consequently, external features in common. Who does not detect the gambler at a glance, but how few can say why! The caricaturist knows, and draws for you with a few strokes the unmistakable bird of prey. Ah! there we have it, the bird of prey!

What does that mean? It means that the gambler and the bird of prey having common aims have also external features

in common. Yes, and it means more. It means that the struggle for existence is relatively the same with man and with the lower orders of animals. It means that humanity has its hogs, its bantam roosters, its moles, its bull-dogs, its sheep, its wolves.

The caricaturist made Louis Napoleon a vulture, and the world laughed with a perception that there was more than an external likeness. It will be seen by all this that the caricaturist must be a person of perception rather than of reflection. He must see in a man the feature which exposes the motive of his actions. That feature he must exaggerate in such a way that those who look at the picture

shall feel if they cannot explain it, that now they know the secret of the whole matter.

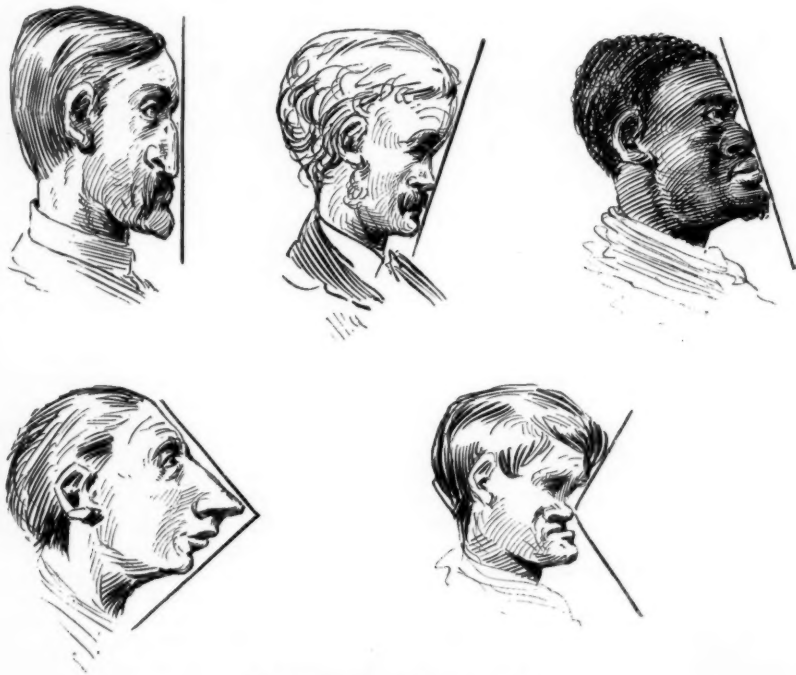
Given this power of perception, without which the caricaturist cannot exist, and it then becomes necessary to apply a few mechanical rules, it being, of course, understood that the caricaturist is also an artist. For, though a feature be exaggerated, it must not be ill-drawn. It must, in fact, be particularly well drawn and even symmetrical; otherwise it will be a distortion.

Looking at the human head in profile, it will at once be noticed that it is naturally divisible into four sections—one including the top of the head, another the forehead, another the nose, and another the mouth and chin. In the physically perfect head these sections will be equal. But as such heads are rare, it will be found that in most cases one section is larger than any of the others; in other words, that one feature is emphasized.

The caricaturist accepts this hint from

nature, and by laying more stress on the feature than she herself has done, succeeds in making an absurd, yet faithful, likeness of his subject. For example, he finds that the forehead of his victim takes up more than its fair section, and he consequently makes it encroach upon the other sections so far as to force the remaining features of the face into comparative insignificance, though any or all of them may be dwarfed or exaggerated, according as the caricaturist finds them available for further emphasis of his ultimate idea.

This is only the first phase of the caricature, but it bears naturally on all the others. Every observer of physiognomy must have noticed, that although the variations of feature and expression are infinite, there are yet certain molds into which, in a general way, all heads must fit. That is, that throughout the human race there are certain strongly marked characteristics of cranial and facial contour which render a spe-



EXAGGERATIONS OF THE SECTIONS



DIVERS TYPES OF FEET AND HANDS

cific classification possible. It is a rare type indeed which cannot find a place under one of the following heads. Nevertheless, it is not always easy to say to which type a head does belong, and it is largely in the ability of the artist to properly classify his subject that the success of his caricature lies.

The same general rules apply to the treatment of a front view of the head as to a profile view. But, of course, there are some specific rules which will reveal themselves almost as soon as the face is properly divided in its rectangle, which, of course, will not be square. Some heads and faces tell a better and more truthful story of the inner man on a front view than on a profile view, as may be seen in the case of the man whose caricature is too well known to need naming. This caricature, by the way, offers a striking proof of the statement that a good caricature is also a faithful likeness, for it was said, that it was by Nast's well-known caricatures that the Spanish authorities recognized Tweed when he made his memorable visit to that country.

The face and head are very important features in a caricature. But the true caricaturist considers his work far from complete when only the facial part is done. For however well he may have treated

that part of his subject, he knows that he has yet to call many an unsuspected but powerful agent.

The hands, arms, trunk, legs and feet have tales to tell. There is the long and bony hand, the short and chubby hand, the loose-jointed arm and the arm with the rusty hinge; the fat body and the slim; the long legs, the short legs; the inward bend and the outward bow; the small foot and the large foot—indeed, a whole regiment of feet! What may not the sloping shoulders tell? Or the elevated shoulders? What brutality or sycophancy in the curve of the back?

Then, what man but has certain wrinkles in the legs of his trousers, which belong, if not to him alone, at least to the class he represents. Is there no reason why one man's coat collar always encroaches on his head and why another's goes to meet the small of his back? Why one man's coat always shuns the curve of the back and another's always clings to it? Why one man's shirt collar threatens to engulf him and another's insists upon modestly retiring behind the shelter of the neck? Why one man can never bring his cuffs to light and another can never hide them?

Trivial as these things may seem, they each and all count, and the true caricaturist makes good use of them. Some there are who never seem to see character outside of the face, and to whom a man may be fat or slim indeed, but not individually so. They have stereotyped fat men and stereotyped slim men. Thomas Nast, notwithstanding the excellent work he has done with his pencil in the service of decency and justice, fails to infuse individuality into any part of his subject but the face. His fat men are all alike below the shirt collar. They seem to have been cast in one mold, and the same tailor seems to have been employed in the clothing of them.

This fault is not by any means peculiar to Nast; it is common to many artists. Tenniel, of *Punch*, makes one set of bodies do service over and over again, and one wonders that the different heads should fit the stock bodies so well. Gavarni, on the other hand, knew so well how to portray individuality by a trick of the elbow, a crook of the back, a poise of the hand, that he delights in concealing the features of the face and telling the story without the aid of that mirror of the emotions and character.

Look at some of Gavarni's fat men, and you will learn to your surprise, perhaps, that there is more than one way of being obese, and that each way has a different value in delineation of character. It seems almost, in looking at some of his wonderful pictures, that any one line in them would explain something if taken from the rest of the picture to which it belongs. See, now, his slim men. They

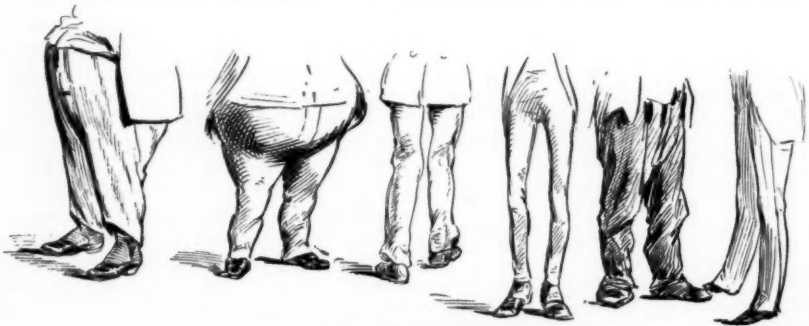
need no heads, to give them individuality.

No American caricaturist seemed to understand this as well as Weust, a name not nearly so well known as many another in no respect his equal. His early caricatures in the New York *Graphic* proved his possession of the true knowledge of his art. Keppler and Oppen, too, who through *Puck* make their victims join in the general laugh even while they are smarting with the sting of the whip, reach the high standard of true caricature, and, indeed, may be said to have shown more than anybody else of what caricature is capable.

Vanity Fair, of London, also gives fine examples of caricature, while Daumier, in the Paris *Journal Amusant*, exhibits it at its best.

Like Hogarth, Du Maurier, of *Punch*, is not a caricaturist, but a character artist. He does not deal in exaggeration; he is not robust enough for that. His nearest approach to it is in his pictures of the æsthetes. And yet we find upon investigation that these are not exaggerations, and consequently not caricatures. The caricaturist would have taken a type of the extreme in æstheticism and would have exaggerated that. Du Maurier, on the contrary, gives you a correct delineation of what is extreme.

Gustave Doré is the best example of the true caricaturist, for he possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of determining in the object the feature which sets forth its individuality. Not man alone, but every object which he delineated, was made to



HUMAN EXTREMITIES



"On the day when noses were distributed, that man, to get so much, must have got up at three o'clock in the morning."

(From "*Les Gens de Paris*." Drawn by Gavarni. Engraved by Caquet.)

have a character, an individuality of its own. And this it was, more than anything else, which made his pictures so weirdly graphic. Perhaps he exercised his gift unconsciously; but it does not seem likely. It has been said that caricature was distasteful to him, and that he gave up that line of art as soon as he found himself in a position to do so.

That political caricature was distasteful to him one may believe. But that he disliked all caricature would argue that he produced his best results by chance. For if caricature be exaggeration for the sake of emphasis, then Doré never ceased to be a caricaturist. This is seen in the smallest matters, as, for example, in the albatross in his celebrated illustrations of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Nobody ever saw such an albatross, for none such exists. But nobody ever saw a bird which conveyed so much of the idea of the

albatross as his, which would be grotesque were it not a caricature.

Owing to the fact that the result of the caricaturist's work is to provoke mirth, there is a general disregard of the value of that work in its artistic character. Every good artist may not be a caricaturist, but every good caricaturist must of necessity be a good artist. A failure to apprehend this fact has led to a general misunderstanding as to what a caricature is.



D'ISRAELI

(From "*Vanity Fair*," London, January 30, 1869.)



THE AGE OF CARICATURE

In the first place there are many whose misfortune it is to have misconceived their vocation, and who at length find themselves unskillful artists. They fancy that they can succeed in caricature, if in no other branch of art, and consequently a great many mis-called caricatures are produced. This results in a confusion on the part of the general public, who do not suspect the necessity

for distinguishing between the genuine and the spurious, and who, while properly appreciating the good caricature when they see it, nevertheless are prone to make a general classification of "funny pictures," which includes indifferently the caricature, the character sketch, and the so-called funny picture, which is only funny in its complacent failure to be so. The same fa-

tuity is noticeable in literature. The really witty or humorous writer is a rarity. As if it needed but the intention to secure complete success.

One of the results of this spurious caricaturing is that a public man whose career makes him a good mark for the shafts of ridicule becomes known to the people by a conventional type, in consequence of the first good caricature being copied by the would-be caricaturists. Horace Greeley and Benjamin F. Butler have served for such

targets oftener, perhaps, than any other men, and yet it is very seldom that a really good caricature of either is ever seen. Even a good caricaturist cannot make a good caricature unless he studies the original, any more or even less than a good portrait can be made from another portrait, for the very reason that a good caricature is a better likeness even than the most faithful portrait, for the latter idealizes while the former materializes.

FRANK BEARD.

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

In northern lands, where over valleys bare,
Wan clouds lie heavy in the sullen air,
And silent plains, barren of shrub and tree,
Merge their drear grayness in a sombre sea,
There stands, amid the waste, a ruined tower,
Wherein a fair Queen made her winsome bower,
When knighthood's glory was no empty name,
And life was held as nothingness to fame.

There, like a bloom from some far tropic land,
Thrown desolate upon the moaning sand,
She saw the red sun rise, and set, and rise,
And wander like a flame across the skies,
His lurid light, the one bright thing that lay
Within the narrow boundary of her day
Save when the winds from the far north would
 roam
And fill the waves with flecks of phosphor foam.

Then, though the land was stern and bitter cold,
The bay full many a busy ship would hold;
And the wide streets were loud with passing
 feet,
And in the market-place for trade would meet
Merchants from lands that lie far leagues away,
And even swarthy Mongols from Cathay
Came, with their fragrant teas and dreamy eyes,
To shrewdly barter with the over-wise.

The ruler of this land, her sovereign lord,
Was hard of heart, and ready with the sword;
And when she came, red-lipped and fair of face,
Making a radiance in the dreary place,
He had no kind word for her youthful bloom,
But led her onward through the wintry gloom,
And bidding that a page await her call,
Left her, a stranger, in his castle's hall.

Slowly she wandered through the dark abode,
Where each chill room seemed freighted with a
 load
Of sin or grief, and at the last she came
To this small tower, and saw the sun's red
 flame
Smile through the shadows like a sword, and
 here,
Because the sea beyond lay wide and clear,
She made her home, and bade them hither
 bring
Soft silks, and lace, and every beauteous thing.

And so they gathered tapestries and gold,
And paintings that of love and prowess
 told,
And ivory carvings, made by patient hands
In unknown corners of far Orient lands,
Flowers of rare hue and fragrance subtly
 sweet,
And soft, bright rugs to guard her dainty
 feet,
And while the great winds shook their cloudy
 plumes,
Warm light and perfume filled her lofty rooms.

And there for months she waited all forlorn,
While in the hills, following the huntsman's
 horn,
Or on the sea, sweeping with fierce array
Along some fertile coast or sunlit bay,
The King went with his men, and left behind
Sad wreck and ruin, and hot tears that blind,
Where signs of war marked the ensanguined
 plain,
And ravished women wept their husbands
 slain.

The months grew into years, whose slow steps
fell

Like the sad, monotonous tolling of a bell
Telling of death, amid her wasted life;
What good to her was the high name of wife?
What good to her the pageantry and state,
Of victories that made her husband great?
Her weary heart could find no joy in this,
While her red lips were barren of a kiss.

There came a time, when, having fought and
won

In stubborn fight, with foes whose arms had run
Full many a foray through his wide domains,
The King came marching back along the
plains,

And saw, just at the borders of the night,
A high tower flame with sudden stars of light
And then he thought, "Surely my Queen lives
there,

And all the world says she is very fair—

And tired am I of this mad toil and heat;
Lo, I will rest, and taste of love, for sweet
The banquet is"—and thus was led once more
Unto his castle on the surf-beat shore,

Once strong and stately, through his spirit
drove

The longing and intensity of love;
And with a cry that smote death's hungry ears,
Like music flung from off resounding spheres,
He cast himself beside the silent form,
And sorrow filled him with its restless storm.

They made her grave high on a windy hill,
And though the King strove with a mighty will
To lose his sorrow, still to him it clung.
No more his banners to the breeze were flung,
But with slow steps, and wan and moody face,
He came and went about the dreary place,
Yet never passed the portal of her room,
Where spiders wove amid the haunted gloom.

His sword and mail grew red with idle rust,
His standards heavy with their hoarded dust,
And he alone, of all his brilliant host,
Roamed through the place like some forgotten
ghost;

And in the streets were signs of swift decay,
No more the ships came sailing up the bay,
The markets echoed to no busy stride,
And lifeless docks moaned to the ebbing tide.



And sought his Queen; and when he came
where she

Had waited, longing, for this time to be,
They pulled the curtains backward from the bed,
And there the Queen lay, sweet, and fair, and
dead.

Then, like a flash that parts the gloom, and falls,
A breath of desolation on the walls

At last they found him, one chill winter morn,
His long white hair upon the wind outborne,
Clinging, with stiff hands, to the gate that led
Where lay the Queen that he had loved when dead;
And without state or ceremony bore
His weary form within the narrow door,
Then passed away, and ruin stalked alone,
Through wide, deserted wastes of crumbling
stone.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS IN A NEW LIGHT.*

INNUMERABLE and diverse as are the opinions and readings of Shakespeare's dramas, they are far exceeded in the same kind by Shakespeare's sonnets. Unable, naturally and properly, to frame any notion of the man from his plays, we hasten with a month's-mind to his sonnets, in hope to get at the wonder of his personality. We think we have attained it at the first reading; but repeated readings involve us in doubt, often compelling the admission that the more we learn the less we know. The mistake of most of us is that we accept the outward form as representative, as veritable even, and we are led, therefore, into errors that baffle correction. The sonnets, understood personally, as they usually are, contradict the little we know of the poet's life, and increase instead of diminishing the mystery of the individual. Understood dramatically in their entirety, or symbolically, as some commentators claim they should be, does not help the matter. It would seem they should be interpreted—so Gerald Massey insists—both personally and dramatically; and whatever may be thought of his view, elaborately set forth in "The Secret Drama," its great ingenuity, its verisimilitude, can hardly be gainsaid. If a single opinion of a simple lover of Shakespeare be worth anything, I may frankly say that the sonnets were to me always more or less enigmatic in respect to the author's identity with them, until I had read Massey's book. This is very rare, since the edition was limited to one hundred copies, for subscribers alone (there are, I think, but three or four copies in the Republic). Consequently I have supposed that a synopsis might be interesting to the many who could not gain access to the work itself. I have foreborne, in the main, to express any judgments of my own, preferring to convey Massey's ideas, without his language, as clearly and compactly as limited space will allow.

So many literary folk have taken turns at the sonnets, especially in the last fifty or sixty years, illuminating them with dark-

ness rather than light, explaining them opaquely by far-fetched theories, that Massey's generally direct, lucid method appears as exceptional as it is commendable. The ordinary tendency has been, is still, to look upon the sonnets as autobiographic, which, were they so, would show the master mind of the world in such a light, that we might well wish with Hallam that they had never been written.

There is abundant internal evidence that the bulk of the Sonnets were the poet's early work; and they certainly have the characteristics of his youthful composition. The greater portion was not addressed to William Herbert, as has been declared, but to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's intimate friend, his generous patron. Sonnet XXVI. thus opens:

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this *written embassage*,
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

proving that this was before the singer had appeared in print. He is too modest to address his patron in a public dedication. He is willing to wait.

The Earl belonged to the flower of England's chivalry. Though a gallant soldier, he was denied the scope he needed, by the ill-will of Elizabeth, whom he more than offended by his impetuosity and independence of spirit. At first he was a prime favorite with the Queen, thereby exciting the jealousy of the Earl of Essex, who, like most courtiers of the time, affected to be fond of Elizabeth in order to flatter her egregious vanity, and so win her weak side. The feeling of rivalry and bitterness between the noblemen was dissipated by Northampton's falling in love with Elizabeth Vernon, Essex's cousin; a circumstance that eventually led to a close friendship between the Earls, and indeed nearly brought Wriothesley to the block for complicity in the historic conspiracy. To manifest any passion for any lady of the court was regarded by the unattractive sovereign as a slight to herself—as

*"The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets Unfolded, with the Characters Identified."
VOL. III.—No. 2.—77.

an offense, in fact, not to be pardoned. When she discovered, therefore, the bent of Southampton's affection, she was incensed both at him and at its object. She determined to keep them apart, though she succeeded so ill that nature anticipated the priest. Then the lover was banished. But, failing to obtain the Queen's pardon, after repeated endeavors on the part of his friends, he returned secretly to London, and was privately married—none too soon—to his mistress, rendered extremely wretched by his enforced absence. It seems likewise that Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich, Essex's sister, a beautiful and dangerous woman, ruined by an uncongenial marriage, held, or was thought to hold, Wriothesley by certain amorous ties formed subsequent to his engagement, thereby exciting the fair Vernon's jealousy, and causing her a deal of unhappiness.

These characters and situations given, the circumstances under which many of the sonnets were written are revealed, and their bearing and application demonstrated.

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, according to Sidney's Memoirs, did not go to London to live until 1598. He was then but eighteen, too young to have been the "onlie begetter" of the sonnets, many of them, no doubt, being "the sugred sonnets among his private friends," mentioned, in the year above named, by Francis Meres in his "Palladio Tamia." A number of them were written by the poet's "pupil pen" ere he had ventured into print, which he did in 1593. His first publication, "Venus and Adonis," as well as his second, "The Rape of Lucrece" (1594), was dedicated to Southampton, who is said to have presented to the author £1,000, a sum equal in our day to \$40,000 or \$50,000. This in itself is good reason for believing that most of the sonnets were addressed to the same person, and when the belief can be supported by a score of arguments, the belief is carried far toward truth.

The first dedication runs thus: "I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me in choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen. Only if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours

till I have honored you with some graver labor."

This plainly speaks to a patron: the second dedication speaks as plainly to a friend. "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater. Meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness."

Do not these words and their spirit echo Sonnet XXVI.? Do they not closely indicate ("What I have to do is yours?") that he then had some work on hand—the sonnets—by which he hoped to yield his friend additional honor? As "Venus and Adonis" was printed in 1593, it is safe to assume that the earliest sonnets, embracing XXVI., were written not later than the previous year. Shakespeare might have met Southampton as early as 1589, for, during the June of that year, he went to London, and entered himself as member of Gray's Inn. The Earl's fondness for the theatre is well known, and his stepfather, Sir Thomas Heneage, being Treasurer of the Chamber and Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, also Captain of the Guard to the Queen, Southampton's recommendation would be eagerly sought by the players.

Taking 1592 as the date of the first group of sonnets, XVI. would seem to refer particularly to the youthful Earl:

"Now stand you on the top of happy hours"—

as he was nineteen, having been born October 16, 1573. He was then a marked favorite at court; the Queen showing him the peculiar partiality which she showed for handsome young men generally—a partiality half erotic and wholly silly, that may have been akin to an ancient maiden's passion for parrots and poodles. The very first sonnet appears to recognize his position in speaking of him as

"the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring."

Southampton's fatherlessness appears to be directly alluded to in the earlier sonnets, in the desire of the poet for his marriage; he being the sole prop of his illustrious house, the only bearer of his historic name. Is not the death of his father signified in the first part of the sonnet just quoted from?

"From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby Beauty's rose might never die;
But as the *riper* should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory."

In Sonnet x. the Earl is accused of turning a deaf ear to the pro-matrimonial advice of his friend—

"Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire."

He might, with justice, be so charged; for his father died (1581) before Henry was quite eight, and his elder brother followed four years later; leaving to Southampton the only prospect for perpetuity of the name.

In LXXVIII. the recognition of the Earl, after publication, is expressed in—

"Thine eyes have taught the dumb on high to sing,"
just as, in XXVI., he was pointed out before the author had printed anything. In CII. is written—

"Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;"

and in CVIII.—

"Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name."

What love, save that between Southampton and himself, did Shakespeare ever greet with his lays? Whose name did he ever hallow except the Earl's?

It is pleasant to think, as we have cause to think, that the master mind of his, or any other time, was the antipodes of a tuft-hunter. He appears, from XXV., to have been sought out by his patron, and friendship soon grew between them, as it naturally would between two natures so congenial and noble as was theirs.

Some critics have asserted that there was not sufficient difference in the ages of the poet and his patron to warrant the former in calling the latter "sweet boy." The difference was nine and a half years; Shakespeare having been born April, 1564, and Southampton in October, 1573. The dramatist, moreover, was older by temperament and experience than by years, and in speaking

so of his friend, he employed the language of love and tenderness, always prone to express itself in diminutives. He deliberately refers to himself as older than he really was; he uses his age as a protecting frame for the picture of his affection. Such a genius as his, embracing the universal, descending to the roots of things, must have felt years that it did not have; even while its spirit was always young and fresh.

The urgency of the Earl to marriage continues from Sonnet I. to XVII., which sonnets are assigned inclusively to the first group, and are to be considered apart. Sonnet XVI., it is worthy of mention, has always been obscure on account of the manifestly incorrect punctuation of the tenth verse. Instead of

"So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,"

it should read,

"Which this time's Pencil, or my pupil Pen."

What *this* means, in its detached form, no one can divine. The poet desired to say that the best painter, the master pencil of the time (it may have been that of Mirevelt, who had taken Southampton's portrait in early youth), or his own pen of a beginner, will alike fail to draw the Earl's lines of life as he himself can draw them.

In the second group of sonnets (1592-31. XXV., XX., LIX., CVI., XVIII., LXII., XXII., LIII. and LIV., Southampton's personal beauty is praised, comeliness in men being of far more importance among poets in the Elizabethan era than it is in our time. Another reason for such extolment is be-like that the Earl had now fallen in love with Elizabeth Vernon, and was anxious to marry her, she being in no wise loth. It is noticeable that with the first seventeen sonnets the author's solicitude concerning the Earl's marriage ceases, in consequence doubtless of his knowledge of this fact. Under the circumstances, therefore, he must have been aware that the poems would soon or late fall under the lady's eye, and that she would delight in the fair picturing of the choice of her heart. Sonnet xxv. is selected as dedicatory to the rest, which are arranged rather according to their unity of feeling than by consecutiveness, because after XVII. the confusion begins, and continues to the end.

In the third group (1592-3)—properly a subdivision of the second group—immortality is promised to the young nobleman. The poet has now grown more conscious of his power, more self-trustful, bolder in tone. It is highly probable that the Earl's struggle with fortune had begun, and that his friend, on his friend's behalf, had been inspired to challenge time and fate. The sonnets of the group are XXIII. (dedicatory), XIX., LX., LXIV., LXV., and LV. The zeal of the friend explains the confidence of the poet, as when he sings:

"Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My Love shall in my verse live ever young.
Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of Princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Such passages are generally thought to be the mere boasting of Shakespeare from the discovery he has made of his own genius. They had a new significance, a softened, an entirely pardonable, almost commendable egotism, when their motive and relation are understood.

The fourth group (1592-3), embracing LXXVIII., LXXIX., LXXX., LXXXVI., LXXXV., XXI., LXXXIII., LXXXIV., LXXXII., XXXII., is addressed to the Earl, mainly touching a rival poet, believed to be Marlowe. The sonnets are disposed according to Massey's interpretation of the poet's feeling. He does not say this series was written or sent in the order aforementioned. The sonnets may not all have been written at the same time; but they are all on the same subject, and this arrangement gives them a probable beginning, progress, and proper conclusion. Shakespeare did not wish to be admired for his poems. His friend might read the poems of others for their style, if he would but look at his (Shakespeare's) after he had gone. He has so often called upon the Earl's name, and been so inspired thereby, that he is indignant and jealous that every alien pen should imitate his example, and seek to gain like advantage. In LXXVIII. he refers to the writers under the Earl's patronage, saying:

"Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy Ignorance aloft to flee,
Have added feathers to the Learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty."

In the first line Shakespeare alludes to himself as having been voiceless until he

drew the Earl's attention; in the second, to John Florio, translator of Montaigne's Essays, who had dedicated works to Southampton, and was, on his own showing, greatly indebted to the bounteous peer; in the third, to Tom Nash, a genuine Ishmaelite, and continual giber at "the unlearned," the sonneteer among the rest; in the fourth, to Marlowe, famous for the majesty of his verse, and acknowledged to be superior to the poet, as he might have been regarded when the sonnet was composed; the future dramatist then being less than thirty. That Marlowe was the other poet spoke of in LXXX. and LXXXVI., there is scarcely a doubt. He was a dramatic celebrity before Shakespeare, who probably looked up to him, and greatly admired his lofty style. In "As You Like It" is a kindly thought for the dead bard, and a line—"Whoever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?" quoted from his unfinished "Hero and Leander," which the dramatist may have seen in MS., because it was composed for Southampton. Shakespeare, it appears, had been silent for some time, and the Earl had reproached him therefor. Meanwhile, others had been singing and dedicating to the generous patron, and that "letter spirit" had been so favored by Southampton as to receive from his hand some polish, or finishing touch of verse.

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inurse?

* * * * *
But when your countenance filed up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine."

Marlowe was believed to be a student of the Black Arts, to have dealings with the Devil; possibly on account of the strength and vividness of his "Faustus." The superstition is plainly denoted in the same sonnet (LXXXVI.):

"Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No: neither he nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished,
He, nor that affable-familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

In the fourth group of sonnets we learn, as from Shakespeare's own lips, that he cleaves to truth and nature; that he writes of and from reality; that it is not with him as

"with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse."

The same sonnet (XXI.) declares that its author does not compare his friend

"With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare,
That Heaven's air in this huge rondure hems;"

and is an answer to those absurdly affirming that the florid tenderness of XCVIII. and XCIX. is addressed to a man. It was not the poet's habit to so veil his thought, or so pervert his song. Students of the sonnets could not have failed to observe that they can be read successively as personal up to XXVI., but that with XXVII. we are all at sea. The spirit changes so plainly that there must be an intellectual change of the speaker. The feeling of repose in friendship is succeeded by a lover's restlessness. In the previous poems, there is no doubt of the sex of the person to whom they are addressed; there are frequent allusions to a man. In many of the subsequent poems, the sex is not named; yet the expression is so tender, so passionate, that it seems obvious from internal evidence and poetic induction that a woman is their object. Shakespeare is wooing dramatically, on Southampton's account, the beautiful Elizabeth Vernon; avoiding mention of sex from instinctive delicacy, or by agreement. There is nothing very strange in this. The intimacy of the poet and peer was as great as can exist between men; the former had repeatedly expressed his devotion to the latter, his readiness to serve him in any honorable way. He had ceaselessly advised his friend to marry, and when the fair Vernon, having been encountered, had inflamed the blood and imagination of the Earl, what more natural than that the lover, lacking the art of song, should ask the trained singer to put his passion into verse. Sonnet XXXVIII. makes this clear enough.

It has been asserted that men wooed one another, after the fashion in which Southampton, through his friend, wooed Elizabeth Vernon, in the days of the pseudo Virgin Queen. But where is the evidence of it? In whose sonnets find we any such thing? Not in Sidney's, Spenser's, Drayton's, Constable's, Daniel's nor Drummond's in any personal sort, though, dramatically, often enough. It was not at all uncommon for a poet to write in the character, and on behalf of a patron, and act as an amorous secretary in his love

affairs, putting the letters into the shape of sonnets. The custom is shown by frequent allusions to it in Shakespeare's dramas.

The four dramatic sonnets—XXIX., XXX., XXXI., XXXVII.—in which Shakespeare speaks for Southampton and his love, are reckoned among the finest of the whole number. Supposing them to be personal, they are inexplicable. Why should he be so depressed; why should he so bewail his wretched lot, when he is known to us as a man of proverbial sweetness and cheerfulness; when, as in XXXII., he designates his life "a well-contented day?" The personal reading nowhere touches the quartet of sonnets, much less does it fathom their full meaning. Dramatically considered, the significance is patent. The Earl is sad, because, being temperamentally active, he is doomed to be a simple on-looker. He sees his fellow-nobles depart for battle, conquest, glory, while he is compelled, for lack of royal favor, to sit with folded hands. If he only had friends at court, he might gain the fame he longs for—a fame now doubly dear, since his mistress would share it with him. All the facts of Wriothesley's life fit the four sonnets exactly, and nothing else does.

Sonnets CIV. and CXXVI. (1594) are personal, having been written to the Earl when the poet had known him some three years. The latter, being incomplete, was never sent probably, but remained among the loose papers given by the author to William Herbert. Sonnet XXXIX. reveals the poet's purpose to write of the peer during the peer's absence, and to try to do his friend justice, which was not possible while they were together.

The group of twelve dramatic sonnets, XXXVI., L., LI., CXIII., CXIV., XXVII., XXVIII., XLIII., LXI., XLVIII., XLIV., XLV., LII., were written during 1595, in the Earl's capacity, to Mistress Vernon, on and in his absence abroad. During May of that year, he got into disgrace at court from his love affair, known to and deeply resented by the Queen, who could not be mollified. His too-faithful suit so angered his termagant sovereign that she determined he should quit London. The parting, the journey, its incidents, its progress, his loneliness, his yearning, his alternate hope and despair, the torment and comfort of his passion, all are told with the

mixed moodiness, glow, depression and exaltation of an absent lover. There are no grounds for believing Shakespeare ever took such a journey as these sonnets describe; that he was ever out of England, indeed. Nevertheless, his genius, his spirit is visible all through them; they breathe, dramatically, what Wriothesley thought, felt, suffered from, throbbed with. Read by this light, it seems extremely singular their object could at any time have been imagined to be a man.

Sonnets XXIV., XLVI. and XLVII. (1595) are personal, addressed to the Earl during his absence; the lines—

"So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself, away, art present still with me,
For then not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with me."

Showing that the person addressed, not the singer, is absent, and moving.

Now comes what has been called "The Dark Story of the Sonnets". And dark, in sooth, would the story be if the personal interpretation of many of the critics of the next group could be sustained. It has been assumed, yea, deliberately advanced, by these that Shakespeare, having a wife at Stratford, had also a leman in London. Not a few extract satisfaction from such belief, because it proves that even the grandest genius of all time was not without his defects. The opinion has been carried so far that the woman has been surmised to be an Italian, possibly the wife of a merchant prince of Venice, if not the wife of the Venetian ambassador. Further, that she held the poet an amorous captive, wholly surrendered to her tyranny, and that he gained his release when his friend—Southampton or Herbert—fell a victim to her wiles, after which she passed into the imagination of the dramatist as the ideal of his frail and fascinating beauties. The poet—according to the same sage authorities—did not yield his charmer without a fierce struggle, which he had the execrable taste to put into printed verse, and so damn the incontinent couple and himself to everlasting fame. That is signally like Shakespeare—is it not?

The sonnets in question are manifestly dramatic. So regarded, the darkness is dispelled at once; the succeeding illumina-

tion renders everything clear. The speaker is perspicuously a woman, and the woman Elizabeth Vernon (the poet, naturally enough, had done for her what he had done for her lover, her virtual husband, likewise his dearest friend), whose jealousy had been aroused by the suspected infidelity of Southampton and Lady Rich. Surely her besetment is most cruel. Her true lover is her false lover; her devoted friend is her frail, disloyal friend; moreover, her cousin—the delightful, seductive, lovely, libidinous Penelope Devereux—immolated upon the altar of an unholy marriage. The twain she loved best loved one another too well, and by their love turned her love to torment. Sonnet CXLIV. is Elizabeth Vernon's soliloquy; XXXIII., XXXIV., XXXV., XLI., and XLII. are designed for the recreant Earl; CXXXIII., CXXXIV., and XL., for Lady Rich. Sonnet CXXXIII., which has been held as evidence of the dramatist's immorality, is a curious instance how meaning may be perverted by misinterpretation. Very harmless is it with the proper key.

Substituting Elizabeth Vernon for Shakespeare a perfect metamorphose of meaning is accomplished. She has two loves, one bringing comfort, the other despair, which are like two spirits, a good angel and a bad angel, tempting her with conflicting suggestions. The one, Southampton, is a "man right fair;" the "worse spirit," a woman "colored ill," Lady Rich; the "colored ill" applying to her cousin's soiled reputation, which deteriorated with her years. She suspects this "female evil" is trying to win away the Earl. They are both absent from her, and the worst is mistrusted. Southampton, as subsequent sonnets show, was unjustly suspected, at least in this instance. He admits, however, having been the dupe of a woman's siren tears, the subject of a wretched delusion. The lady simply mistook one disloyalty for another; and yet there is proof that she humbly asked to be forgiven (from the unusualness perchance) for believing a man guilty who was innocent; the fact generally being reversed. Sonnet XLI. is so conspicuously womanly in tone and manner that it is hard to understand how any intelligent mind could conceive the poet to have written it other than dramatically.

Sonnet LXX. was written personally to

the Earl on the foregoing theme—the suspicion of his constancy by Elizabeth Vernon. The poet does not think him blame-worthy, but at the same time is not surprised that a man like him should be the object of envy and mistrust. The jealousy of his betrothed may be natural, but it is baseless.

"That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For Slander's mark was ever yet the fair."

Sonnets LVI. and LXXV. are dramatic; Southampton to his mistress after her jealousy. They have had some disagreement, doubtless on account of her suspicion of his fealty, and this is the lover's plea for himself, his tuneful expression of a desire for reconciliation.

He says, through Shakespeare:

"Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the fitching age will steal his treasure."

The last line shows conclusively that a woman is here spoken of. Men were not stolen in Elizabeth's time, and women were, in the sense, as the Earl means, that he might be robbed of his mistress by seduction.

Sonnets XLIX., LXXXVIII., XCI., XCII., XCIII., XCV. are also dramatic. Essex's charming cousin appears to have revenged herself on the susceptible Henry by a mild flirtation of her own, which necessarily arouses his jealousy in turn. Magnanimous as he wants to be, he is human to a degree. He can stoop to doubt.

"What's so blessed fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not."

Nor can he refrain from this delicate warning:

"Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife, illu'd, doth lose his edge."

Sonnets LXVI., LXVII., LXVIII., LXIX., XCIV., LXXVII. are personal; the poet remonstrating with his friend for the loose life he is leading, in consequence of the Queen's opposition to his marriage, his bickerings with Elizabeth Vernon, and his own impetuous passions. Sonnet LXVI. is somewhat general; but the remainder palpably convey Shakespeare's grief at the courses of the Earl, and the earnestness of his monitions. This group, it is inferred from one of the lines appearing in a drama in 1596, was not written later than 1595, or early the year following.

Persons afflicted with misgivings as to the poet's profligacy in company with his patron, will have reason in reading these sonnets to feel reassured. Sonnet XCIV. is such a sermon, that it has been considered an ironical comment on frigid, unemotional natures. But there is little cause to doubt its entire sincerity, or that it is an evidence of friendship. A man might be a hypocrite; but no man would be likely to reprove another for sins he had shared in common, and in company with the person reproved.

Sonnets LXXXVII., LXXXIX. and XC. (1597-98) are dramatic, and bear Southampton's farewell to his beloved, after his unfortunate personal assault, through hot temper, upon Ambrose Willoughby, who had asked him, Sir Walter Raleigh and another to cease primero in the Presence Chamber, because it was late, and the Queen had gone to bed. The sovereign ordered him, in consequence, to absent himself from court, and he was again in disgrace, to the great sorrow of his much-tried mistress. The Earl proposed to quit England for France, and offer his sword to Henry IV. The allusions in the last sonnet identify the time as that following Wriothesley's return from the "Island Voyage" (October, 1597), when he was censured for daring to pursue and sink one of the enemy's vessels without Monson's orders.

Sonnets XCVII., XCVIII., XCIX. (1598) are dramatic—the Earl to his sweetheart after his absence. Essentially amatory, they could not have been written to a man. Fancy for a moment the grand apostle of nature thus chiding a violet to any masculine creature:

"Sweet thief, whence did'st thou steal thy sweet that
smells,
If not from my Love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed."

Sonnets C., CI., CII., CIII., LXXXVI., CVIII. and CV. (1598-9) are personal, Shakespeare to Southampton following a lapse of silence. The first sonnet is proof of the absence of its object, and the silence of the speaker. The person absent could not have been the poet, else the absence would have been the cause of the silence. He now sings of his friend more cheerfully; once more exalts his truth and constancy, because his friend

has at last wedded her who had long been the queen of his heart; celebrating his truth and constancy to her, not to himself.

Sonnets CIX., CX., CXI., CXII., CXXI., CXVII., CXVIII., CXIX. and CXX. (1598-9) are dramatic—the Earl to his lady-love on their final reconciliation. They are very true to the speaker, intensely personal, full of passionate pleadings, real confessions, self-criminations, generous repentances, having nothing in common with the poet's life, habits or disposition. The personal explanation of these nine sonnets renders them chaotic, completely unintelligible. Sonnet CXII., by the personal theory of many critics, has been construed to mean that Shakespeare had become disgusted with his profession of player; that he had been degraded by it; some even declaring that

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow,"

refers to a scar upon his temple. All this bears merely upon the peer's indiscretions and difficulties that his restlessness and hot blood were perpetually getting him into. In fact, viewing the group diametrically reduces mystery to perspicuity as by a flash.

An isolated sonnet, CXVI.,

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment."

is by the poet, on his friend's marriage, commemorating the beauty, the fidelity, the unchangeableness of true love, and in this case its entirely happy issue.

Sonnets LXXI., LXXII., LXXIII., LXXIV., LXIII., and LXXXI. (1599-1600) are personal to the Earl, chiefly on his own death. This group brings us quite near to Shakespeare the man, whose apparent contemplation of death gives the sonnets a touching, solemn quality. It has been conjectured that they were composed while he was ill—while he was, so to speak, under the shadow of the Great Future. If they were, they show how little the sonnets were intended to be autobiographical. The poet never speaks of himself except in relation to the Earl. Here his request is that, should he pass, his friend should not mourn; he would rather be forgotten than be grieved for. In LXXXI., he says:

"The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie:
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read;

And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my Pen—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths
of Men."

Is not this a proof—a strong indication at least—that he did not intend to be publicly known as the author of the sonnets? In LXXI. is written,

"Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;"
and in LXXII.,

"My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you."

In all probability the poet's name was not to appear with his work. Immortality was to be conferred by printing it as the Earl of Southampton's, just as Sidney had called his "Arcadia" the Countess of Pembroke's. Such view helps to explain how Shakespeare could have been so indifferent to fame; so seeming unconscious of the value of his writing, and yet so herald his enduring reputation. It is only while contending for his friend that he speaks of renown, which, to his mind, was to come, perhaps, only by publishing the sonnets with Southampton's name.

Sonnets CXXIII., CXXIV., CXXV. (1601-3) are dramatic. They come from the Earl in the Tower to his Countess (Elizabeth Vernon that was) after he had been condemned to death for his share in Essex's wild attempt at rebellion. He was respited during the Queen's pleasure, his sentence at length commuted, and he kept in close confinement until the decease of the petticoated tyrant restored him to freedom.

Sonnet CXV. is personal—Shakespeare to his friend in prison; CVII. to his friend as greeting on his release. These being the last of the Southampton sonnets, so far as we know, it is fit and harmonious they should end with still another assurance of the Earl's immortality through and by them:

"And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When Tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

Sonnet CXXII. begins:

"Thy gift—thy tables—are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory."

This is the peer to the lovely Vernon about his parting with the book she had given him. It is the same book, no doubt, that is mentioned in LXXVII. in which the

poet had written most of the sonnets to and for his friend. Southampton through Shakespeare makes his most complimentary defense, closing with

"To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me."

It is believed that the volume of MSS. was given by the peer to William Herbert, which may account for the manner in which the sonnets became known. The Earl having parted with them privately on his own behalf, the poet would thus have been forestalled in any desire he might have had to possess, or print them. There have been innumerable speculations touching this point; but the theory here put forward is the most rational one.

The last group of sonnets, dramatic, (1599-1600) is composed of CXXVII., CXXXII., CXXXVIII., CXXXVIII., CXXX., CXXXI., XCVI., CXXXV., CXXXVI., CXLII., CXLIII., LVII., LVIII., CXXXIX., CXL., CXLIX., CXXXVII., CXLVIII., CXL., CL., CXLVII., CLII., CL., CXXXIX. and CXLVI. If they are held to be personal, no consistent theory can unravel them; they then elude every interpretation that can be brought, and contradict besides, their own showing, and the facts of the poet's life. They must have been written for another, and that other in all likelihood was William Herbert, who designed them for the stained and seductive Lady Rich, the object of his illicit passion. The "Will" of the series seems to be the "W. H." of the dedication, and they were composed before he became the Earl of Pembroke. He was an intimate friend of Southampton and Essex, and might have been a prominent partisan of the latter, had he not been too young, or too much interested in the erratic sister to care much for her brother's crazy cause. He was a friend of Shakespeare also. It is a significant fact that the first play presented to King James, in England, was performed by the dramatist's company in Herbert's house at Wilton. In the players' dedication to the first folio, they say that the Earl of Pembroke had prosecuted the poet with so much favor that they venture to hope for the same indulgence toward the works as was shown to the parent of them.

When Herbert first went to court, according to Rowland White's letters, he

was greatly beloved by everyone, and high hopes were entertained of him. The Queen was very gracious to the young lord (that was a way she had), showing him favor in many things. He appears to have been indifferent to her good will, and to have neglected to fawn and worship at her scarred and ancient shrine. White, the old gossip, tells us enough of the youth to indicate his lackadaisical, love-lorn condition, though he cannot divine the cause. After a while the Queen began to dislike Herbert—undoubtedly, because he evinced no gallantry for her, because he was Essex's and Southampton's friend, and chiefly because he was fond of another woman, much younger and fairer, and probably quite as chaste as Elizabeth. During the latter part of 1599, Lady Rich retired from the court, as is reported, in consequence of her maculate reputation. The lover obviously disliked those his mistress disliked; was ever ready to resent the slights put upon her, come from what source they might. In CXLIX. his willingness to do battle in her behalf is thus expressed:

"Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon!"

The Southampton sonnets, as we have seen, almost ceased with the Earl's marriage, in 1598, their chief end being then accomplished. In the same year, Herbert had gone to live in London—possibly, through his intimacy with Southampton, had met the poet, and acquired some personal influence over him. The young nobleman could not take the place of the older one in Shakespeare's heart; but he had winning ways, was a lover of poetry and poets, and something of a poet himself. He was the young enthusiastic seeker of Shakespeare's sonnets among his private friends, the person to whom Southampton had given the MS. book, which had been a present from Elizabeth Vernon. Naturally, Herbert would be desirous to have the poet write sonnets for him. It is likely the latter was not inclined to the work; but, as the players assert, he was pursued with so much favor by Herbert, that he doubtless yielded through his instinctive kindness. Herbert must have believed himself deeply enamored of Lady Rich, who had dazzled his imagination partially by the fact of hav-

ing been the object of Sir Philip Sidney's prose and poetry, in the days of her purity, ere she had been marred by a wretched marriage. As Sidney seems to have been fond of her, his union with her might have preserved her from the deplorableness into which she fell. Shakespeare enters into the spirit and humor of the young lord's unworthy passion. He laughs at the disparity of their years, rallies his friend on the absurdity of his attachment, contends, so far as he may, against the infatuation; labors to reveal the lady's unenviable character, and in CXXIX. and CXLVI. reads a severe moral lecture to the moon-struck swain. That Herbert furnished his own subject and general sentiments as Southampton had done, is suggested by the familiar and punning use of his name "Will," rendering it probable, moreover, that he employed the sonnets as though they were original with him. Sonnet CXXXVIII may appear to contradict the idea of the speaker's youth; but a little reflection reveals its ironical character.

Since this sonnet was printed in 1599, it must have been written when its ostensible author was in his nineteenth year (Herbert was born February 8, 1580), and its many-affectioned object was not far from forty. It is spoken in merry mockery; the facts are reversed, the explanation is deliberately wrong, in order to aggravate the jest. This group of sonnets contains a new element, an element of wantonness, of satire, even of bitterness.

The feeling of the sonnets under consideration is that of youth, of extreme youth, of youth in pathetic plea in CXLIII.; of youth in the fever of passion in CXLVII.; of youth in intoxication of the senses as in CLI. There is nothing, however, to connect them with Shakespeare's youth. They are printed as if the last written, as belike they were, judging from the subsequent recurrence of the thought, image or expression in the plays known to have been composed after the Southampton series. There is reason to think Herbert had some share in their making, particularly in those in which "Will" so frequently appears. In XCVI.:

"But do not so! I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report,"

is a repetition upon an earlier sonnet

(XXXVI.); the purpose being to carry a sting by repeating what she had become familiar with under entirely different circumstances. Since Shakespeare could have had no object in re-employing his couplet to wound the "lascivious Grace in whom all ill well shows," the inevitable conclusion is that it was the work of his friend. Sonnet CXLV.

"Those lips that Love's own hand did make," etc.,

can hardly be the poet's; it is not in his measure, but in the very kind of verse he appears to ridicule through *Touchstone*, in "As You Like It." Sonnet CXXX.

"My Mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red."

is very unlike its fellows; it is an imitation of XXI., and was probably written wholly or in part by Herbert.

There is plenty of inward and outward testimony in the last group of sonnets to substantiate the opinion that they were inscribed to Lady Rich. Her eyes, her age, her character, are accurately delineated. Further, CXXXV. contains a play upon her name—it is almost an echo of one of Sidney's, where the same nominal punning appears—and the play is so remarkable that it can scarcely be a coincidence.

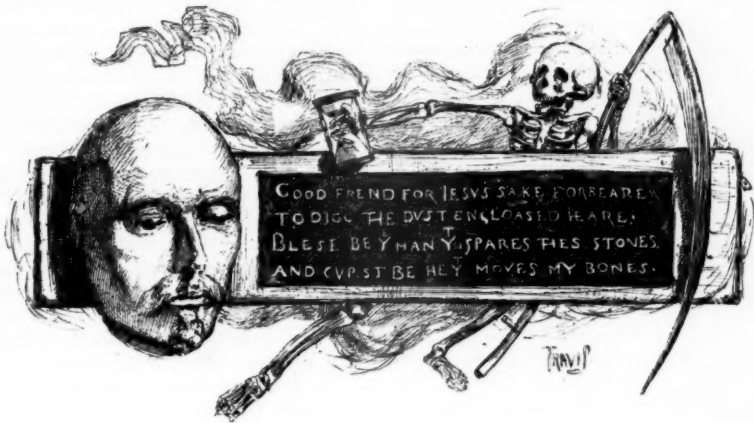
"So thou being Rich in Will, add to thy Will
One Will of mine, to make thy large Will more."

On the whole it may be said of this series—as of the others—that, whatever may be thought of the soundness of Massey's view of the sonnets, it is singularly ingenious and plausible, marvelously like truth. This theory fully unravels what has never before been half-satisfactorily unraveled, and to supplant it with any other of the many theories advanced is to return to mystery, confusion and contradiction. It frees Shakespeare, besides, from divers false imputations; restores him to the fair light in which it is so pleasant to contemplate the crowning genius of the centuries. It adds, too, a deeper, more human interest to the Man by revealing his capacity for a generous and exalted friendship. The names of Shakespeare and Southampton might serve as nobler examples of friendship in actual life than those of Perseus and Pirithous, of Achilles and Patroclus in poetry and fable. The Earl survived

the dramatist eight years, but through his independent and impetuous spirit, continued to the close to be involved in hazards and adversities, from which he ever rose with unsullied honor. At last, while in command of a gallant regiment, serving under Prince Maurice in Holland, he died of a lethargy at Bergen-op-Zoom, though, according to Sir Edward Peyton, he was poisoned by the infamous Duke of Buckingham, a natural enemy to so different a

man. The Earl's son, Lord Wriothsley, died of disease a little before; his countess outlived her husband many years. It is grateful to remember that from this much-tried pair sprang Rachel, Lady Russell, who was a brave supporter, a ministering angel to her heroic lord until the axe proclaimed their long divorce. Truly Shakespeare's Sonnets sowed good seed!

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



[Begun in the November Number.]

TINKLING CYMBALS.

VII.

MRS. ABBOTT FORTESCUE went back into the ball-room with a beating heart and an angry soul; but she was very far from believing that Tracy Tremaine had actually meant his recent words. Men may love at first sight, but the intention of matrimony is a more deliberate affair, even with the most amorous of suitors.

Tracy Tremaine had, indeed, spoken at random. And yet he felt certain regarding one point—that he was exceedingly, however suddenly, in love with Leah Romilly. Her new belleship told him this in forcible terms. He watched other men watch her, smile upon her, be smiled upon in return, and his quickened pulses told him the truth. No such sensation had ever entered his being before. He measured it by his

past caprices, and felt the folly of resisting its intense headway.

Mrs. Abbott Fortescue was in many respects a clever woman. She had thus far succeeded in doing a very difficult thing with success; she had braved scandal, and yet held her own as a leader in the fashionable world. Her dinners were not only models of culinary skill; the people whom she allowed to eat them were such as did not sow their courtesies broadcast. She had made one arch-enemy by her daring indiscretions. She knew this, and in thinking of the great power which that enemy held she sometimes trembled for her future position. She was a woman who had always skated on thin ice, and enjoyed the excitement of the peril. Her good name

was very dear to her for the prestige that it brought, and she liked to remember, now and then, that she had been a poor country clergyman's daughter when she married Abbott Fortescue, and that he had been an obscure young stock-broker. It pleased her to think that her wit and energy had pushed him into his present high place as one of the Wall Street millionaires, while it had lifted herself among the social celebrities of New York. She knew perfectly well that her "tone" was thought to be vicious, and yet that in every practical sense this evil repute harmed neither her prominence nor her power. She understood that her one great safeguard was her husband; as long as she kept him loyal in his adherence and belief, she could easily breast the tides of assailing gossip. Thus far she had so kept him with an unwavering security. He was a man of considerable brains, and yet he had never suspected in her the least approach to absolute infidelity. He used to say off-handedly that Serena liked her fun, and it was all nonsense for a woman to cage herself merely because she was married. But it never occurred to him that he was even reposing confidence in her. He was no longer very fond of her; they had no children; he liked her way of presiding at the head of his household, and he was proud of the individual distinction that she had won. He knew of her enemy, and regretted the quarrel, as he chose to term it, though there had really never been any quarrel at the root of this noted antagonism.

The name of the enemy was Mrs. Chichester, of New York. Hers was a very different gentility from that of Mrs. Fortescue. The latter's might perish in a day; a sudden *esclandre publique* would sweep it away, as a tornado sweeps a rose-garden. But the standing of the latter was indestructible in its august stability. The Chichesters owned blocks of houses in New York. The aggregate income of the family was enormous. Their name had for several years past been one of the shibboleths of our groaning socialists. Mrs. Stephen A. Chichester, as it was customary for the society columns of the newspapers to entitle her, was the acknowledged head of her very wealthy house. There were other Mrs. Chi-

chesters, all of whom shared the magic that engirt this race of mighty capitalists; but she, for reasons which concerned her lord's vast possessions, yet not for these reasons entirely, reigned lofty and alone. Those who declared the Chichesters to be monopolist upstarts, even while glad and proud to know them, could fling no similar slur upon this particular lady. She had been a Miss Vanderveer, and an heiress of large fortune, before her marriage. Everybody knew the Knickerbocker soundness of the Vanderveers; that implied a solidity like the foundations of Old Trinity itself, near which many of this noteworthy race lay buried. Thus Mrs. Chichester held all the advantages of colossal opulence, blent with the talismanic charms of a brilliant pedigree. She bore these double honors with great modesty and sense. She was now nearly fifty years of age, but the necessity of bringing three daughters out into society had caused her to remain an active participant in its pomps. The daughters were now all married, but Mrs. Chichester continued to "entertain." It must be conceded that she entertained with a lavish splendor, tempered by the most faultless good taste. Her house at Newport was a roomy mass of gray stone, towering above the sea, and appointed with incomparable beauty. Her new mansion, near Central Park, was one of our metropolitan marvels, both without and within. It has been stated that her age verged upon fifty; but she failed physically to show, by at least ten years, this material advancement. She had been a very lovely maiden in her youth, and she was now a somewhat stout matron, with masses of curly chestnut hair, into which time had slipped only the most lenient silver, and a complexion whose natural creamy freshness yet withstood the aggression of all serious wrinkles. Her neck and arms were phenomenal in their chaste and just molding, and though report spoke with bated breath of the precious jewels in her possession, she rarely wore as much as even a thread or band of gold about throat or wrist. She had the repute of being a martinet as regarded decorum, and had been known more than once to strike from her visiting-book the names of certain young men who had offended her by their in-

difference, their laziness, or their self-esteem.

She had struck Mrs. Abbott Fortescue's name from her visiting-book, and had indeed once cut this lady on meeting her face to face, with that freezing avoidance which looks past, above, below you, but never straightly encounters your waiting gaze.

Mrs. Fortescue at length understood. She had been dropped by the great regnant dignity. She invented a falsehood as the reason of the terminated acquaintance, and endeavored to make its cessation appear the result of a mutual rupture. No one believed the falsehood except her husband, whom no one attempted to disabuse of his deception. It reached the ears of Mrs. Chichester, and hardened her more than ever against its author. She had cut Mrs. Fortescue on strictly moral grounds, and for no other cause. She had the charity, however, not publicly to proclaim this; she made, with unpharasaical wisdom, the whole affair one between herself and her own conscience. Of course Mrs. Fortescue profited by her reticence. If the great lady had chosen to head any hot faction against her she could ill have held her own with so formidable a foe.

Mrs. Chichester liked Tracy Tremaine, though she disapproved of him. There was at one time a rumor that he had become engaged to a daughter of hers, but events soon disproved this fallacy; she would never have permitted such a union. Still, as recorded, she felt the spell of Tremaine's *bel air* and indolent attractiveness. His dead father had been a beau of her own in past ante-matrimonial years. Tracy reminded her of those years; he won her reluctant indulgence; she deplored his intimacy with Mrs. Fortescue, and would have given much to break it.

Once or twice Tremaine had shown signs, during a few recent seasons, of snapping the bondage in which his charmer held him. But Mrs. Fortescue had brought him swiftly back to her side. She stood, presently, fanning herself with a big gorgeous fan, attended by one or two of her inalienable male devotees, and wondered whether she could now resume her sway as easily as on former occasions.

She had an ominous dread, however, lest she might fail. Half the assemblage was

talking about Leah; scores of eyes were riveted upon the girl; she had made what is called a sensation. Mrs. Fortescue, clearly perceiving this, spoke of her with a gentle admiration in which there was no ring of the irritated foreboding from which she suffered. While she stood thus, unable to keep her glance from straying toward the new belle, Mr. Bertie Forbes sauntered up to her side.

They were very good friends. They had met abroad not many months ago, when Mr. Forbes had secured her the *entrée* to several rather difficult foreign houses.

"She's not bad," he drawled, after the talk had inevitably drifted upon Leah. "I exchanged a few words with her. She's at the Aquidneck, you know, so I thought it would only be civil to let Tremaine present me. Besides, she's got in with my wife."

"I saw your wife here," said Mrs. Fortescue, surprisedly. "Isn't that something very unusual?"

"Bertie," who had a mindless, inanimate face, over which his hair was so glued to his narrow head on either side of a white, accurately central parting, that it made him look as if he wore some kind of glossy black satin cap which clung with a wonderful skin-fit, now shifted his lank, loose-jointed body a good deal sideways, and gave vent to a discontented groan.

"Good gracious," he said, grumbling the words to Mrs. Fortescue alone, in surly confidence, "it's all this girl's doin's, don't ye know? She's put a lot of stuff into Lucy's head about my neglectin' her. Only fancy! After a few hours of acquaintance! . . . I went to the 'otel to dress meeself to-night, and there was Lucy in teahs. She was ready to have a dreadful raow with me unless I brought her heah. She said there were two nerses to mind the babies, and that I never treated her as a husband should, and oh, a lot of rot like that, and then ended by sayin' she'd met a real woman, of real spirit, who'd opened her eyes to the propah respect that was dew a wife, ye know. Now, let me arsk you, could anything be more of a baw?"

"Do you mean that there has been a domestic insurrection?" asked Mrs. Fortescue, "and that this young lady has brought it about?"

Mr. Forbes struck the black broadcloth of

his thin thigh with a pair of kid gloves that he carried, clutched together in lavender limpness.

"Yes; that is precisely what I do mean. Did you ever hear of such beastly officiousness?"

At any other time Mrs. Fortescue would have secretly exulted over her friend's discomfiture, and regarded it as a surpassingly good joke. But now it dealt her a new wound; if Leah were clever enough to turn the tables upon this abominably selfish young English snob (for it was thus that Mrs. Fortescue had always considered him), what subverting changes might she not already have wrought in Tremaine?

"I should think it a very imprudent way of beginning her Newport career," said the dusky little lady, "by mixing herself up in matters which do not concern her. That is, if she is going to *have* a career? What do you think?"

"A careeah?" repeated Bertie. He glanced toward the dark-coated throng which almost concealed Leah's fair young figure. "It looks awfully like it. I can't see what they see in her, for my part."

He could, perfectly. The wife whom he had made support him for several years in moneyed sloth, and whom he had shown the manly gratitude of treating a little worse than though she were the nursery-governess of his children and her own, had needed but a straw to test the capacity of her patience. Leah had supplied this straw, and the petty spirit of Mr. Bertie Forbes hated her accordingly. "Her mothah, you know," he went on, "is really a very objectionable, public sort of person. I don't think any of the women will take her up, on this account."

But before the evening was over both foes had the somewhat questionable satisfaction of seeing Leah in close converse with Mrs. Stephen A. Chichester.

The truth flashed, then, through Mrs. Fortescue's ired mind. Her old enemy had gone silently but effectively to work. She was setting upon this new preference of Tracy Tremaine's a *cachet* which her own acquaintance could almost singly bestow.

Mrs. Chichester had proceeded with perfect tact. She had admired Leah in the hearing of Tremaine, but she had by no

means allowed the latter to make the desired presentation. In speaking to her of Leah, Tremaine had recently said: "She comes from New York. Her mother is with her here at the Aquidneck."

"They have not cared to go about much, I suppose?" said Mrs. Chichester, who always spoke very guardedly on all matters of social degree.

"No," returned Tremaine, who understood the words in their precise import. This import was just as plain to him as if Mrs. Chichester had said outright: "They have no position in society, since I have never heard of them and since they yet live in New York."

"The mother is a sort of literary woman, I believe," he continued. "Her name is Elizabeth Cleeve Romilly. You have probably heard it."

"It has a vaguely familiar sound," said Mrs. Chichester; "and yet . . ." Here she shook her handsome head. "No; I can't place her."

This was surely a most credible circumstance. The speaker had dwelt, through all her fifty years of life, hedged in by every stout encompassment of orthodoxy that the most conservative principles could possibly rear between herself and that loud, radical world in which Leah's mother had once shone with such meteoric radiance. But when Tremaine said, "Mrs. Romilly is talking now with Mrs. Lydia Holt Morrison, and I believe they are old friends," his companion gave an approving nod. She liked the white-haired, sweet-faced Boston woman, who had transgressed the usage of upper circles, it was true, and yet who had been one of the Holts, and whom she considered charming and high-bred, notwithstanding her "advanced views."

But it was not through Mrs. Morrison that she secured the flattering introduction to Leah. The Misses Marksley chanced to be hovering in her near neighborhood, attended by one or two of those unpopular male revelers to whom the pleasure of reflecting that they have enjoyed fashionable life is compensation for nights and days of tedious discountenance. Mrs. Chichester knew the Misses Marksley, or rather remembered that for a slight while past she had had the option of recognizing them or

not, at her royal inclination. It had fallen from Tremaine, in some chance way, that Leah knew these young ladies. Mrs. Chichester, who was never without at least two or three waiting escorts, contrived to have herself placed not far from the sisters. A little later she amazed them both by addressing one of them. The honor made both tingle. Two excitedly civil faces were lifted to her own. It became rapidly evident to Mrs. Chichester that she would have no difficulty whatever in being accompanied by gentle sidelong approaches toward the neighborhood of Leah.

And then the introduction followed. Each of the Misses Marksley gave it, in a sort of fluttered, demoralized duo. They were so impressed by the idea that Mrs. Chichester had condescended to address them at all, after a fortuitous and unexpected meeting during the previous week, that Leah scarcely understood their real intention from their eager and half-coherent words, until, as it might be said, she found herself face to face with majesty.

She conducted herself in a thoroughly unawed way. She was agreeable, and this, at all times with Leah, meant to be fascinating. Mrs. Chichester's trained perception read her keenly. She saw the girlish egotism, the uncalculating pride, the haughty self-confidence. But she liked Leah, nevertheless, and was so allured and enticed by something in her smile, her contour, her voice, her attitude, that when she had pressed the slight hand in her own full-palmed one, and asked her to drop in at Steep Rock any morning, this sovereign lady felt that, after all, she had conferred no undeserved compliment.

Nor would Leah have thought so if the Misses Marksley, still sensibly tingling, had not assured her with loquacious vehemence that she had made a most signal conquest. Leah listened amusedly to the voluble congratulations of the sisters. She had no thought of taking offense. There was something ludicrous and yet pitiable in the amiable envy with which they regarded the great lady's recent action.

"She can make it so monstrously pleasant for you, my dear," declared Louisa. . . . "Oh, yes, Leah," continued Caroline. "She is perfectly adored and worshiped in New-

port, you know, and anything that she says is just *law*." . . . "If she chose to take up a red-handed assassin she could make him a swell," struck in Louisa. . . . "Oh, she has shown that you have set her mad with admiration," resumed Caroline; "and, upon my word, we're not surprised at it, for you do look simply ravishing to-night, my dear, and it's no wonder a bit that the men are all insane to be presented." . . .

This species of convulsive exaggeration was continued in spasmodic asides, until Leah began to weary of it. She felt relieved when the Misses Marksley withdrew themselves and their cordial hyperboles.

"I think I can see why they are not a success," she said soon afterward to Tremaine, in her placid, even voice. "They are too anxious to please. And then the way in which they hurl their superlatives at you! It's funny, but rather tiresome. Are many of the Newport maidens like that?"

"Oh, no," he returned. "The volcanic style isn't much in vogue. But the Marksleys are very typical—very representative. They belong to a class. They are essentially American, somehow. No other country on the globe could ever produce them. Everything that they do, they overdo. . . . But I'm not going to abuse them," he continued, appreciably softening his tones; "I can't afford to. They were the means of our getting acquainted. . . . Here come at least four men whom they frightened away from you. Don't you think it was extremely nice and heroic of me to stick beside you in the very teeth of your persecution?"

"Oh, I was not persecuted," said Leah. "I should never have stood it so long if I had been. Patience is by no means one of my few virtues." . . .

That evening was a memorable one with Leah. She told her mother so, frankly and with an unaccustomed fervor, after they had regained the hotel.

"I feel that I was made for this life, too," she proceeded.

"No one was ever made for such a life," said Mrs. Romilly.

"Oh, nonsense, now, mamma! *You* enjoyed it! I saw you having a delicious time with Mrs. Morrison."

"Ah, my dear, *she* is a woman quite out of place in all that empty whirl. I don't think that she endorses its futility; she merely accepts it. I told her so to-night."

"I hope you didn't lecture her!" reproved Leah. "She is a power in her way. She is somebody whom I wish to have on my side. You see, I know all about her. I have inquired. She was once something like your dear self. I mean she had opinions and publicly aired them."

"She was born in a different sphere from mine."

"I know—of an old, influential Massachusetts family. She married a man of wealth and position."

"Position in the fashionable world, my dear."

Leah gave a positive little gesture.

"That is the only sort of position one can get, I begin to think," she affirmed. And then she burst into a laugh of merry fullness. Don't look at me, please, as if I were a hardened sinner! . . . I'll take it all back, mamma. Believe, if you choose, that I didn't mean a word of it!"

"She means too much of it," thought Mrs. Romilly, before answering these words of random self-exculpation. . . .

It was not long afterward that Mrs. Romilly and Mrs. Morrison sat together, in a chamber of the latter lady's residence, which overlooked a breezy ocean-skirted lawn. Books, in plenteous array, lined the walls; every appointment was quiet and yet of distinctive charm; it was evidently the favorite haunt of one whose pursuits and habits were scholarly.

"Yes," Mrs. Morrison said, continuing a conversation which had interested both, "I do manage to reconcile my studies and my contemplations with the other life that you have called so flippant and weightless. I do come to Newport, as you see. I do meet these aimless and unthinking people. If you ask my excuse, I can only tell you that I find in their outward felicities a something that satisfies artistic feeling. And I have never outgrown that. All my ethics have never killed it in me. I like to think of Plato's Academe as a place where the walks were kept well-tended, and where the disciples wore togas that drooped gracefully."

She spoke this last sentence with a low,

musical laugh. She was a woman who had attempted great things, in her day, when the white locks that now shone above her aged but fresh-tinted face were full of dark gloss. In the popular phrase she had been as much a failure as Mrs. Romilly herself. But in another sense she had succeeded. Born within circles where fashion reigned predominant and where the key-note was one of frivolity, she had asserted an influence that told and obtained. Long ago she had contented herself with being a force gently to improve, not a force dominantly to destroy. After all, she had plucked better fruit from life than the deeper-minded sister with whom she now sat in reflective colloquy. She had found for herself a certain *métier*; she had not sunk into entire obscurity with her theories and impressions. If her metaphysical poems did not sell, if her profound essays remained unread, she had still secured an intellectual vantage-ground, though it might only have been termed that of a lovable old lady with whom light and elegant people often liked to talk, as a safeguard against the vague remorse resultant from their own protracted indolence.

"We shall never agree with regard to there being the least use and worth in that idle throng," firmly but softly answered Mrs. Romilly. "Let us speak of more concrete things. You know to what I allude."

Mrs. Morrison laughed her melodious laugh. "Yes, . . . to Mr. Tracy Tremaine. Surely, he is very concrete; there is nothing at all abstract about him." She remained silent, for a little while. Then she looked earnestly with her dim, kindly eyes at her companion, and added: "My dear friend, I would take my daughter away from Newport at once! There is my advice, plain and candid."

But Leah had no intention of leaving Newport. She was now in the full zenith of her triumphs. Mrs. Chichester had nodded, and if society did not tremble it certainly obeyed. Leah might have striven through three seasons, and then without avail, for admission to houses that now opened prompt and willing portals. Under the shadow of her new protectress's broad and strong wing, Leah was shielded from every blast of adverse treatment. Society

looked at her astonishedly through its eyeglasses, so to speak, and murmured, "Who is she?" a good many times. But that did not prevent its smile from being of the blandest, or its welcome from being of the most effusive. She has entered, with an abrupt yet tranquil advent, straight into the midst of a community as distinct in its conservatism and traditions as anything of the sort which has ever existed. True, it is constantly supplied with recruits, but these must bring with them the credentials of great wealth. Only to the possessor of millions will our Newport aristocracy proffer any rapid cordialities. As a rule, for those who would gain its complete endorsement, it presents a hundred different and devious paths toward victory, not seldom so baffling to the most resigned patience that a final cessation of effort despairingly ensues.

A great deal of genuine homage fell to the share of Leah, which she accepted without abating by a jot her former reposeful *aplomb*. She received it all as though it were quite her due. She looked very much the same when throned on the box-seat of some drag driven by an owner of high degree as she had looked when seated beside her mother on the piazza of Mrs. Preen's boarding-house. She would not even permit Mrs. Chichester to patronize her. Perhaps if she had done so, the latter, who had got to like her very much, would have liked her very much less. As it was, she retained the lady's full adherence. This was clearly seen, and it surely, if gradually, transformed her, in the eyes of many watchers, from a mere ephemeral favorite into one established and permanent.

The days glided along. They were days of infinite enjoyment to Leah. She drove in stately equipages to watch the madly topsy-turvy game called Polo, undertaken by rash boys on marvelously well-broken ponies; she attended dinners of great state; she moved through ball-rooms of brilliant magnificence; she played lawn-tennis on spacious and shaded lawns; she sat near cool windows, at afternoon receptions, with always a bevy of male courtiers ready to applaud her newest clever epigram—and some of her epigrams were undeniably clever; she did, in short, all that the mirth-

ful throng of Newport pleasure-seekers do, and yet retained among them a saliency, a distinctness, a maiden-like leadership, which caused her name to be printed in a hundred newspapers and even made her the subject of more than one sententious "watering-place letter."

Meanwhile mother and daughter remained at the Aquidneck. For hours at a time Mrs. Romilly would not see Leah. There was nearly always some other voluntary chaperone. "Mamma, you need not go," had become an oft-used sentence on Leah's lips. Mrs. Romilly remained at home with relief and yet with anxiety. She saw Lawrence Rainsford frequently—much more so than Leah did. He told her the general drift of comments regarding her child. The bitterer ones he spared, or sought to spare; sometimes Mrs. Romilly would detect their unspoken presence in his mind and plead for their utterance. They usually reflected upon herself, and either Mr. Bertie Forbes or Mrs. Abbott Fortescue was supposably at the bottom of their propagation. "Let them sneer at my past life as they will," she more than once said. "I do not care for that, as long as they spare her the least slander."

But Leah evoked no slander. She quickly won the reputation of being extraordinarily cold. The hate of Mrs. Fortescue was always waiting its chance, but none came. Bertie Forbes, whose wife had now asserted a very bold independence, would have abetted Leah's couchant detractor at the slightest opportunity. He was brimming over with spleen; he felt an accumulating debt of vengeance toward Leah with each new entertainment at which his wife aired what he considered her abominably second-rate American manners. But Leah blunted his wrath as ice blunts wind. She took Mrs. Forbes under her especial care, and saw that the pretty little person, with her nasal voice, received exceedingly respectful treatment. She even went so far as to induce Mrs. Chichester to smile upon her friend. This last exquisite piece of mischief—if it deserves no more generous explanation—caused Bertie to gracefully succumb. He was so arrant a snob that he could no longer disdain a wife whom the potentate of Newport had condescended to favor.

Leah also set herself another task — though her sovereignty made it too easy for that term. She conceived the idea of popularizing the Misses Marksley.

"They're a black draught," said Tremaine to her, one day. "You're a great belle, as everyone knows; but you can't make people swallow the Marksleys."

But Leah differed with him. "I shall try," she said. She did try, and succeeded. The Marksleys issued invitations for an "evening." It crept about that everybody would refuse. Leah made a point of quietly publishing the certainty that Mrs. Chichester and herself would be present.

"And oh," she once or twice said, in loitering afterthought, "I know of several others who will surely go. . . Let me think. There is Mrs. Schuyler Sheldon, Mrs. Livingston Maitland, and Mrs. Courtlandt Sinclair." . . . All these ladies were near kinswomen of Mrs. Chichester, and obeyed the mandate of their chieftain. Leah knew that she dealt with actualities. The Misses Marksley's "evening" was a brilliant success. The sisters were *lancées* from that occasion thenceforward. Their amusing struggles had ceased for evermore.

"You did it," acknowledged Tremaine afterward. "But *why* did you do it? From charity or mere caprice? I confess that I suspect the latter."

Leah did not tell him what she actually more than fancied — that it was because the Marksley sisters were inseparably concerned, in her own thoughts, with the first meeting between himself and her.

Toward the close of August her engagement to Tremaine was widely discussed as a settled fact. It had not been corroborated by a ceremonious announcement, and yet it was firmly believed. Other men devoted themselves to Leah, but none with the changeless assiduity of Tremaine. Others, too, began to give way before him. Perhaps Leah, with all her equanimity of demeanor, could not hide the passion he had inspired.

She had met Mrs. Fortescue. Their meeting had been a fatality, since both now revolved, as it were, in the same orbit. But Leah had been decently polite and no more; she had defined her civility by a very keen limit. Mrs. Fortescue felt the chill under

the thin surface of conventional decorum. It stung her, as cold will often sting.

"That Chichester woman has done it," she reflected. "It is she who has set her up to it. He would not. His *rôle* would naturally be one of silence."

On a certain evening, toward the close of the season, she appeared at a ball given with much splendor at a private dwelling of special expanse and adornment. It was an important ball, and she chose to robe herself importantly. Her dress was of crimson silk, with various ornaments of silver, one a broad polished zone about her waist, and two more being broader bands on either arm. In her dead-black hair she wore some tiny butterflies, shaped of the same metal. A number of ladies pronounced the costume hideous, but everyone noticed it and had an opinion concerning it. There was no doubt that she looked extremely well. The voluminous crimson enshrouding her figure suited her tawny coloring to perfection. For some eyes the silver struck a note no less discordant than novel, but in a general sense the apparel was considered a striking success.

Leah, dressed in simple white, with a big knot of roses in her bosom, sent by Tremaine a few hours before, was also a guest at the ball.

Tremaine had not spoken to Mrs. Fortescue for three weeks. But he spoke to her that night. Leah saw them leave the ball-room arm-in-arm. She saw them a little later seated together on an immense veranda that gave upon the sea. For the first time in her life she knew the sickening bitterness of jealousy. When Tremaine, toward the end of the evening, at length rejoined her, she turned upon him a look of freezing unconcern.

He perceived the truth. It chanced that they were presently standing alone together. Strains of rich music sounded near them; dancers were gliding across the waxed floor not far off.

"It is warm here," he said; "won't you come out and get a breath of fresh air?" She took his offered arm.

They were presently walking in the darkness. They could not see the ocean, but its salty waftures came to them, and they saw the stars shining white and still over its concealed immensity. She had not,

thus far, spoken to him. He knew that her having taken his arm meant a surrender which her pride, if once hurt, would have given to no other man but himself.

"You are angry at me," he broke silence; "you are angry at me for talking with that woman. People have told you stupid things. But it's all nonsense. I'm awfully sorry you don't like my chatting with her even once in a great while."

Leah withdrew her arm. He could just see her face, and no more.

Her voice broke palpably as she answered him. Perhaps she was too agitated to know of this. "I am not angry," she said. "Why should I care if you speak with some one whom you like?" Then she suddenly added these words:

"What right have I even to think of your affairs? I know of no right. You have given me none."

"I give you every right," he swiftly said to her. "I give it you, Leah, because I love you!"

She realized then what she had uttered. She paused, and he saw her eyes flash in the dimness. "I—I drew that forth from you!" she stammered. "I—I made you say it!"

He put both his hands about both her own. "If you did—and I don't grant that you did," he murmured, "then thank God that it is true!" . . .

A day or two later all Newport rang with the formal and positive engagement of Leah Romilly to Tracy Tremaine. Leah had made peace with her mother. Mrs. Romilly knew of her daughter's love for the man with whom she had plighted troth. That fact helped her to be tolerant and acquiescent. She even said to Rainsford, during one of their morning talks, when Leah was absent:

"She loves him. I am certain of that, Lawrence. For her future, it may mean so much!"

"Or so little!" said Rainsford.

She looked into his grave face, which, as she truly felt, hid an actual agony, and replied, "Let us hope for the best. You know what I wanted, Lawrence. But it cannot be. Still, let us hope, now, all the same. I know your heart is big and warm enough to do that. I know that because the love she gives him isn't the love she might have

given you, a generous regard for her happiness in the years to come still sways you!"

"Yes," he answered, after a pause. His face was lowered as he spoke the one little word. But Elizabeth Romilly knew the sound of it to be good and stanch, like its speaker.

"Oh, Lawrence," she broke forth, softly, "who but you would have pronounced that small but pregnant answer at such a moment!" . . .

It was on this same morning, and but a short time later, that a card was handed to Mrs. Romilly. The card bore the name of Mrs. Ogden Tremaine. The lady who desired to see Mrs. Romilly, said the servant who had brought the card, was waiting downstairs.

"It is his mother," said Mrs. Romilly, after giving the card to Rainsford. "I might ask to have her shown up here. This little sitting-room will not shock her, I suppose? It is better, for such an interview as that which she intends than the public parlor below."

"Much better," replied Rainsford, "for such an interview as that which she intends."

Mrs. Romilly raised her brows. The second portion of this sentence seemed to startle her. "What do you mean?" she questioned.

Rainsford had meanwhile slowly risen.

"You will see," he said. His face never looked more serious than now.

"I will see?" repeated Mrs. Romilly, with soft amazement.

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Request Mrs. Ogden Tremaine to be shown here. I am going. I shall not disturb your coming talk."

Mrs. Romilly spoke a few words to the servant, who at once departed after hearing them. Rainsford then took her hand. "Be strong and brave during this interview," he said. "But I need not tell you to be either—you are always both." After he had gone, and while she waited the coming of her guest, Mrs. Romilly wondered what he had really meant. She soon had ample reason for knowing.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

[To be Continued.]

ACROSS THE CAUCASUS.

“SOME of the oldest cities of the world, some of the fairest spots on earth, seem to suffer singular neglect,” was my thought as the steamer glided toward Trebizond one lovely May morning. On the right were the soaring and thinly-settled hills of Asia Minor, deeply cloven by purple gorges and magnificently draped with perennial verdure. Up the steep slopes the rolling masses of clouds rose upward sun-smitten, and revealed the venerable Byzantine church of Santa Sophia, standing alone on a cliff, and the red roofs and gray walls of an ancient town peeping through dense masses of foliage. Xenophon and the Ten Thousand finished their retreat at Trebizond. It was the capital of a branch of the Lower Empire. For ages it was the port for the caravans moving to Persia and the vast, mysterious regions of Central Asia. But what traveler now thinks of visiting Trebizond or the eastern shores of the Black Sea?

The Euxine has labored under the misfortune of having few or no harbors on the southern side, which has resulted to the advantage of Russia, which owns the whole of the northern and eastern shore and the best harbors. It is not so long ago since Trebizond was a sort of emporium for the Circassian slave trade. I well remember, when residing at Trebizond, seeing the little coasters creeping into the roadstead with their decks crowded with Circassian girls for the harems of Constantinople. There is another circumstance of my life there which is still vivid in my memory. One day the Turkish teacher failed to come at the appointed hour. The next he reported that he had been detained by a deep sleep which had come on him after eating some honey bought of a peasant. Every student remembers that it was honey like this which overpowered the army of Xenophon, and buried them in a death-like slumber on the outskirts of Trapezus. Their leader gave himself up for lost, mourning that after so many toils they should reach so far on their

way to perish at last by poison, but on the following day they awoke and found themselves unharmed. It was from the azelias which grew in such abundance in the neighborhood, that bees obtain this subtle narcotic. Another old-time reminiscence may be observed by the archæologist in the curious lighters which sweep up over the rollers toward the steamer. They are identical in form with the Greek galleys of ancient times, and are undoubtedly a direct perpetuation of ancient naval architecture, of which only one other instance probably exists at the present day. I refer to the fishing galleys of Lisbon. Over the stern of these boats of Trebizond swings the long, oar-like rudder, moved by a standing helmsman. The city itself is composed of winding lanes, which are excessively narrow, but not uncleanly, for the steep slope and the rains are favorable to a result uncommon in Oriental cities. The houses are not visible until one passes the gate of the high surrounding wall. Each dwelling stands in a garden of mulberry, pomegranate and linden trees, interwoven with luxuriant vines. The gates are so low that one must stoop to enter, a precaution adopted in stormier times, when a man's house was often also his fortress, to defend against the aggressions of a lawless soldiery.

The commander of the garrison, a Turk of the old *régime*, touched by the love of nature more innate in the Oriental than in his more civilized brother of the west, had planted a small flower-garden on the brow of the cliff, where a battery frowned grimly over the sea. He was about to start for a ride into the country when we were announced. With characteristic courtesy, the old gentleman dismounted and invited us to partake of the customary refreshments of coffee and pipes in his garden. The morning was serene, and a more delightful spot could hardly be imagined to take a thimbleful of Turkish coffee and a pipe of Stamboulee. Below, a group of idle coasters, curiously carved and painted, floated

languidly on the glassy swell of the port, each repeated in the crystal mirror on which it was poised. Beyond, the broad expanse of the placid Euxine spread toward the north, and behind us arose the aggressively bold precipices of Mal Tepé. With the approach of evening a new revelation of splendor was granted. Bursting suddenly forth from the clouds, when dipping below the verge of the sea, the red sun bathed the city with the indescribable glory of a purple radiance, that seemed to penetrate into the most hidden recesses of the town, while from the vapory region of the northeast the kindling glow brought forth the vast pinnacled ranges of the Caucasus, whose eternal snows were hued with rose, and ineffably sublime, for they are 18,000 feet in height and extended around half the area of the horizon. When the sun disappeared the mountains of Circassia also retired and were seen no more. There Prometheus was chained, and there during the succeeding ages the human soul has often struggled again to solve the problem of freedom. But the radiance of another life is needed to reveal the glory of this everlasting struggle on the crags of destiny and to give a solution and an end to the pangs of existence.

The following day at dawn, cleaving the foam across the quivering gleam of the morning star, our steamer glided into the port of Batoum, eighty miles east of Trebizond. This was the best harbor the Osmanli held on the southern coast; therefore the Russian coveted and took it. The wheel of fortune turns for all; but the misery is that many linger after the wheel has turned the last time in their favor. Four years ago the Turks held the place. Now the Turks are seen no more at Batoum. Its Moslem inhabitants have emigrated to Nicomedia, where their government has given them lands. But many died on the hard journey. In the general execration awarded to the Turk by Christendom, it seems to have been forgotten that Turks have rights and feelings no less than other races. Also, that in the exercise of sway it is an incontrovertible fact, that they have been no more cruel than the races they subjugated have been in their turn. The Turkish side of the story has never been told. It is ignored that the

right of the Turk to the territory he holds is no better, but also no worse, than the right of any other power in Europe—the right of the sword. If there is any appreciable amount of territory in Europe held by any other tenure, it remains to be seen. Only some nations have held theirs longer and have been nominal Christians! I am not an unreasoning philo-Turk, but I thoroughly believe in justice to all, and that there can be no question without two sides.

There is a grand pathos in the bearing of the Saracen and the Turk when retiring from territory which they have held for ages. This lofty phase of Oriental character has been well suggested by our historians when describing the conquest of Spain from the Moors. The same tragedy is being enacted in Turkey to-day. Unlike other people, when conquered, the Turks scorn to remain under the rule of the Christian. They retire like reflux waves. Thus it was after the capture of Roumania by the Russians; thus it has been in and around Batoum. The Turks, who were there for four hundred years, are gone. So it was when, after an age of terrible warfare and cruelty, the Russian captured the Caucasus, the Circassians disdained to remain. A whole nation emigrated in the face of obstacles which cost nearly half a million of lives.

Were it not for the malaria which lurks by its lovely river, Batoum would be a spot greatly to be sought, for its extraordinary beauty. The town itself is a mere huddle of dilapidated one-story houses and shops, whose aspect is relieved by, here and there, the two-story mansion of a decayed Turkish magnate, lifting its red roof and painted upper story above a wild wood of greenery or decaying minarets, where the chattering stork has usurped the place of the muezzin. But what language can portray the mingled grandeur and beauty of those mountains which inclose this ancient town? Clad with primeval verdure, they spring abruptly from the sea, and through tremendous canyons show you the higher ranges inland, terminating in spear-like peaks crowned with eternal snow. Two rivers descend from these snows, well stored with fish: the angler who seeks the mountain depths can easily find capital sport with the rod, and return with a fine mess of brook trout.

With all their seeming tranquillity, there is a spiteful spirit lurking in the gorges of Batoum. For, be the day ever so calm, it is liable to be darkened in a few moments by a violent gust from the mountains. Immediately the bay becomes black and threshed with foam. The high-prowed, lateen-rigged coasters, creeping idly around the point where the new lighthouse stands, are suddenly electrified into a spasm of activity. The great yards are lowered, and under close reefs the saucy little craft career into the harbor and make a lee out of the squall. About the time one makes up his mind that a long storm has set in, the sun bursts forth, the clouds disappear, and a rainbow arches over the glittering glaciers of the serried peaks of Circassia.

A railroad has recently been completed from Batoum to Tiflis. Trains were running when I was there, but, as it was not officially opened, I was not able to avail myself of the advantages it so temptingly held forth. Near Batoum the railway runs through a long tunnel. By an absurd error in calculation the tunnel was made lower than the height of the cars, and it was actually necessary to lower the base before it could be used. Until the capture of Batoum the Russians held only one available point of debarkation for goods and passengers bound to the Transcaucasus. That is Poti, at the mouth of the River Phasis. Large sums were expended to fit it for the purpose, and, when all had been done, what a wretched substitute for a port it was indeed. In summer it is accessible only to very small craft, and then only with a smooth sea and a leading wind, and in winter it is altogether unapproachable.

Our steamer lost an anchor at Batoum, and much time was wasted seeking to recover it. After several days of waiting, not unpleasantly passed under the very agreeable auspices of Admiral Gravier and a number of Russian notables, who extended to us the hospitalities of the place, we concluded to take a small daily packet to Poti, about four hours distant. It had been blowing violently from the westward and a high swell was still running, but we knew that if it should prove too high to cross the bar the boat would avoid the risk and return. Curious were the costumes of

the various passengers lying on deck: all Circassians and Russian. Among them all the sheepskin cap predominated, although of various picturesque forms. Following the winding channel, we at last entered inside of a jetty, whose entrance is so unprotected from a westerly sea that even ships inside roll at their anchors. After a tedious period of hauling and snapping of hawsers, the steamer was finally moored stern on to the breakwater and the passengers were requested to "walk the plank." A dangerously attenuated board pitched at a hazardous angle and oscillating to a dangerous degree was the only way offered for debarking. A light rod held by two men served as an imaginary balustrade. The sight on shore was of itself enough to daunt the most daring. A heterogeneous and noisy throng of porters, hackmen, loungers, customs officers, idlers and dogs were fighting among themselves for precedence, in order to devour us bag and baggage the instant we stepped foot on shore. The coachmen were especially noteworthy for a fearful and wonderful circular cushion or puffed ring of closely gathered pleats, attached to the nether part of their long riding-coats. The effect was as if an inflated india-rubber life-preserver had slipped from one's armpits to his hips. The exact use of this appendage is not altogether apparent. A paper kindly furnished us by the Russian Legation at Constantinople, paved the way for our luggage, which thus fortunately escaped the cormorant-like gaze and disorganizing grasp of your greedy customs officer.

A long walk over the half-finished jetty brought us to the carriage-stand. There were the droskys planted in a salt morass, a dozen feet below us, without a stairway to lead down to them. For lads the feat was exciting. But for ladies the experiment was less attractive. A wood-cart was finally brought alongside of the jetty, and after much nervous laughter on the part of the ladies, curiously watched by a multitude of unkempt and unsanctified Circassian youths, a passage from pier to carriage was successfully effected. Then followed a wild ride through a wooded land. The ride was wild, because the wiry, long-maned Russian ponies, flying before the lash, tumbled ahead at a rattling rate. But the road itself re-

minded us of the charming drives of central Massachusetts. On either side were dense thickets of blackberry bushes. Wild strawberries, like wee crimson sparks, flecked the grass; above this undergrowth towered the gloom of dense forests here and there, opening to mirrow themselves in a sedgy pool embroidered with lilies, and musical with thrushes or the plash and whirr of waterfowl. Then, with a sharp turn of the road, we dashed on to an iron bridge, and were whirled over the full-fed flood of the eddying Phasis, up which the Argo glided almost too long ago for the imagination to take cognizance thereof, and then we entered Poti. The first impression was not inviting. A long, wide treeless street, lined on either side by low, open market-booths, unpainted and indescribably filthy, such was the chief street of Poti. But there is a park at the farther end, and happily the hotel faced this green open. Poti is said to be so excessively unhealthy that a traveler can hardly pass a night there without catching malaria. On observing this untidy park, intersected by stagnant drains and the terrible dirt of the noisome streets, it is easy to understand how the reputation of the place was established. We had taken ample doses of quinine before arriving, and were careful to close our windows after sunset, and thus escaped unharmed. It is said 5,000 men lost their lives while building the short part of the railway on the plain near Poti.

For the rest, Poti is not without its attractions. On the river side the park is entered by a noble antique gate of remarkable picturesqueness and beauty. It is a relic of Persian or Georgian occupation, as indicated by the figured work of glazed tiles with which it is faced. A quaint pointed roof added to an already pleasing effect. Passing from the massive foliage of the park through this gate I almost imagined myself to be standing by some river of France. A sluggish stream, deeply brown, and lined with poplars, to which a number of small craft were moored, and beyond a pale gray line of receding hills fading into the sky, seemed like a bit in Normandy, such as Daubigny might paint. But the long-skirted bargemen, crowned with lambswool caps, showed that we were on the

threshold of the changeless East, and the graceful Georgian women, strolling by in lovely groups to enjoy the evening air, reminded one of Medea and her maids. Tall, stately and graceful, long black tresses streaming below their waists, and a melancholy pride flashing out of dark, dreamful eyes, stars under drooping brows, these were verily queens in disguise. But when I remembered that we were in Georgia, famous for fair women, I ceased to wonder. Jason, the Achaian, was evidently guided by a good genius when he bade his mariners bend to their oars, and, pulling hard over the river bar, sweep grandly by up the Phasis and moor by banks ever since famous in myth and history.

At the hotel we found the golden fleece, for which the country is famous, but altogether modified to suit the times and the plethoric pockets of modern tourists. If there is a country in the world where the art of fleecing travelers is pursued on a more colossal scale, I have not found it. When we called for the bill at Poti we found that the landlord had entirely forgotten that his terms the previous evening were stated in francs; he therefore charged us in rubles, which more than doubled our already exorbitant bill.

The rooms were not so bad as one might expect, but the corridor was unspeakably untidy and malodorous, and the table was altogether unattractive. Escaping from the clutches of the grim ogre who presided over this den, we succeeded in making a start for the railway station. Here again two civilizations collided. A well-ordered station, a clean and comfortable train, seemed to suggest examples of the highest material progress of the age. But it was curious and incongruous to find one's-self followed into the waiting-room by a hungry horde of filthy Circassians clamoring for backsheesh; to see the luggage hurled on the scales by gigantic porters, who looked more like the doughty warriors of Schamyl than train-attendants, while through the motley throng men in Russian military uniform elbowed their irresistible paths, for they were masters here over a race far nobler in aspect than their own. Yet more singular was it to watch the ticket-seller calculating every item with the wire and balls used by chil-

dren when learning the multiplication-table. It took nearly an hour to have the luggage weighed and the tickets bought.

To round off this singular scene, as the train was about to move off, three sons of Anak entered our car and demanded further backsheesh.

"What would you have?" said a Russian gentleman, with a shrug. "We have so much territory to civilize, and it takes so long, for Russia is poor."

Quite true, said I to myself. But I could not help wondering why, such being the case, Russia craves to keep adding to an already unwieldy mass of vast unamalgamated and heterogeneous elements.

It is only fair to add that the railway from Poti to Tiflis is a marvel of engineering skill. It follows the gorge of the Phasis, among the mountains, for about 160 miles, constantly ascending by a grade so steep that the short train requires two engines to draw it. Often the side of the mountain is so steep, it required to be leveled for a space sufficiently wide for the track. Everywhere the scenery was of the most captivating. Noble cliffs, terminating in basaltic ramparts, often inclosed the roaring waters of the rushing stream; or slopes excessively steep, cultivated from the water to an extraordinary height, seemed to hang over the road; or idyllic valleys opened to catch the sunlight, giving space for a hamlet of wattle huts. In several gorges ancient castles were descried perched on the apex of seemingly inaccessible peaks, and now deserted and alone. One of these venerable fortresses was of vast extent. The clouds surged around it like surf of the sea, and above soared the eagle, the sole tenant of that lofty height. These ruins bore the fancy back to those picturesque ages of romance and song which, if they served no other purpose, were at least of use, if they bequeathed sentiment and poetry to ages more orderly and prosaic.

At frequent intervals the train stopped at towns of some size and stations well-ordered and provided with excellent buffets. Besides the excellent warm meals in readiness for travelers whose appetite was sharpened by the mountain air, each dining-room was furnished with the sideboard peculiar to Russia, provided with caviare, vodka,

and other characteristic appetizers, which it does not take long for the traveler to learn to appreciate.

It was very interesting at this stage of the journey to observe the various race-types we met—most prominent, of course, was the Georgian or southern Circassian. It was chiefly from this stock that recruits were obtained for the harem of the voluptuaries of the Seraglio. The physical beauty of this race has not been exaggerated. Unlike some races, both sexes share in equal proportion the wealth of attraction dowered upon them by a bountiful destiny. I have seen no people to compare with the Circassian for such a high average of beauty excepting the Greeks and the Normans of the Channel Islands. The fine shape of the men is enhanced by their admirable semi-military costume; a garb so graceful and picturesque that it has been adopted by Russia, Turkey and Persia, for corps of the royal guards. The head is crowned by a red leathern cap encircled by lambskin, of which the wool is worn with the curl either short or long, black, gray or white, to suit the taste of the wearer. The caftan or coat fits tightly at the waist, but the flowing skirts descend nearly to the ankles, and the sleeves and the waist are loosely clasped by buttons and corded loops of gold thread and silk, while the same material decorates the coat with figured patterns. Across the breast on each side is a row of silver-topped cartridge-cases. A brace of jeweled pistols is but half concealed by the silken girdle which swathes the narrow waist. A small white hand rests on the hilt of a silver-mounted sabre and the right hand lashes a riding-whip against the burnished boots which encase the shapely feet and legs. On board of our train was a Georgian prince who was garbed in this superb costume. He stood over six feet high. From under cavernous iron-gray eyebrows flashed the eyes of a mountain eagle, and the gray sheepskin shako was harmonized to his person by a heavy iron-gray mustache of exactly the same tint. At every station he left the car and walked the platform, as if to show himself to the people. I hardly blamed him for such self-consciousness; for a more magnificent example of masculine beauty it would be difficult to find.

With so many objects to interest and instruct, the time never passed tediously, although the train moved at but moderate speed, and the delays at the numerous stations under any other circumstances would have been vexatiously long. There were no passengers besides ourselves in the first-class car on the first day, excepting the Georgian prince. The employes were very civil and the appointments of the car were excellent. It was a compromise between an American saloon car and a European car of the first class.

There was unobstructed passage through the car to the train; it was thoughtfully provided with those conveniences the absence of which neutralizes half the comfort of railway traveling on the Continent; it was also divided into a number of apartments, all communicating with each other. Several families could thus enjoy at the same time privacy or freedom as they chose. It is a pleasure to be able to call the attention of the American tourist to this admirable transcaucasian railway. It presents but two important objections. There are no beds for night travel; and thieves so abound that nothing must be left in the cars unguarded. To these annoyances may be added a third. I refer to the sublime impudence, extortion and thievery of the hotel keepers at Poti, Tiflis and Baku. The landlords of Switzerland and Paris have yet something to learn on these points in the Caucasus. If any foreigner escapes its limits with anything left in his pockets, it is not because every effort that human ingenuity could devise has not been exerted to fleece him to the very bones.

At sunset the train began to descend to the plateau on which the capital of Georgia is situated. After nightfall the heavens shone with a wonderful display of lightning, flashing without intermission from every part of the sky. In the wild gleam the ragged cliffs shone forth like mountains in Erebus. The scene suggested that described in Milton's immortal second canto of "Paradise Lost." Above the rattle of the train the roar of heaven's artillery boomed over those vast plains and rolled away from gorge to gorge in endless reverberation. Weary and hungry we finally arrived at Tiflis toward midnight. The in-

credible and deliberate roguery of every official we encountered at the station, from the cunning duplicity and ruthless rapacity of the archroge himself, who conducted the buffet, to the eager palms of the lowest porter, shall not prevent me from stating that the station is one of the handsomest and best appointed railway establishments in the world, and the buffet admirable in all respects except in the character of the proprietor, who laid a deep scheme actually to rob us of our entire luggage; a plot happily frustrated by the prudence to which we had been educated from the moment of our arrival in the Caucasus. Fortunately for the credit of the Russian name, this unfathomable knave was not a Russian.

Greatly did I long to tarry a few days at Tiflis, a city well known in Oriental history, and still possessed of considerable importance, although its trade is endangered by the railroads projected and soon to be constructed in the Caucasus. But circumstances beyond my control urged me to continue on to the Caspian without delay. And, therefore, at 1 A. M. we re-entered our car and proceeded on our journey to Baku.

Fortunate was it for us that the railway between Tiflis and Baku had been opened about ten days before our arrival at Tiflis. Otherwise, instead of riding comfortably to Baku by rail in twenty-four hours, we should have been obliged to go over the route in springless troitkas, over a rough, treeless road, traversing barren plains and mountains infested by brigands, and weeks would have been required to accomplish the distance. At Tiflis we exchanged our Circassian prince of stately mien for a Russian count who was general of engineers. Long familiar with this region, his affability and information did much to dissipate the monotony of the desolate plains between Tiflis and Baku. And yet why should I speak thus of the vast steppes over which the road led us on this, most interesting day? Never yet have I seen any phase of nature which was not full of suggestion to the fancy, or which did not please the eye with new varieties of form or color, and elevate the mind by adding to its appreciation of the glory and wonders of creation. Nor did the vast wastes which lead to the Caspian prove to be an exception. The moun-

tains which skirted them on the north were bare to the last degree, but how soft the roseate tints which clothed those heights of desolation! how tender the snow of the farther ranges, so lofty and distant that they seemed like clouds floating in the calm of a summer's day! How rich, too, were the hues of the rank grass or the dry sedge which waved like the modulated movement of the surface of the sea in the singing breeze that swayed from the distant Caspian! How interesting the dark, velvety clumps of low verdure seen here and there like islands, or the mirage which appeared like a vast lake, in which the Caucasian ranges bathed their feet! Ever and anon, likewise, vast herds of cattle were seen browsing in the sea of grass, attended by savage herdsmen clothed in long-haired sheepskin cloaks, and sporting double-edged yataghans, and spinning yarns as they stalked over the plain. And when the sun set beyond a desert, that stretched, level as the ocean, for two hundred miles behind us, I never before realized to such a degree the grandeur of nature or the splendor of the fiery orb, which so many millions of old worshipped as a god.

These steppes are inhabited by nomads only. In summer the ordinary population is increased by wandering hordes from Persia, to the number of 40,000. When this country was captured by Russia, the right was allowed these nomads to pasture their herds in the Transcaucasus without sacrificing their allegiance to Persia. The solitude of the region invites to brigandage; and no European dreams of moving anywhere between Tiflis and the Caspian without being armed to the teeth. Some terrible tales are told of the cruelty of the bandits of these plains. There is a monument that was erected to the memory of a heroic youth who gave warning of an intended attack of the brigands. Frustrated in the attempt, but learning of his deed, the brigands seized the boy, and after torturing him in the most horrible manner, buried him alive by the roadside, leaving only his head exposed. Thus he lingered several hours, until death came to his relief.

It must be evident that great difficulties attended the construction of this part of the railway. No towns are to be seen. The

only European settlements are the few houses attached to each station, and occupied only by the officials of the railway. The nearest approximation to a town in that region is Shemahar, midway up the mountains, and many miles from the road. Water for the trains has been obtained by artesian wells. Of course there is no local traffic, and the road must depend, for a long time yet, upon through freight and passage. Although this is likely to increase, owing to the growing importance of Baku, yet, for the present, at least, the rates for passengers and luggage are probably higher than upon any other railway in existence.

At nightfall the road began to ascend the naked ridge which bounds the eastern limit of the desert. At midnight we began to descend toward the Caspian, and at one, the waters of that inland sea, which I had so long yearned to behold, were revealed to us white in the light of the moon, and a fleet of ships was seen riding in the tranquil bay. White, too, were the dry sand-hills of Baku and the low houses clustered on a plain of almost impalpable white sand. As we stepped out of the train our nostrils were saluted by a peculiar odor which gave a density to the air and was ever present so long as we remained at Baku. It was the exhalation from the petroleum which saturates the soil of all this region.

If Baku is not the most beautiful city I have seen, it is certainly the most remarkable. We drove several miles from the station over a white solitude into a silent town. The stone houses were flooded with moonlight, but the streets were without sound save the occasional yelping of dogs. Driving to the *Hôtel d'Europe*, we found it impossible to obtain entrance. There were vacant rooms, we were told, but it was late and it would never do to disturb the landlord, and they might have added the crew of lazy servants. But one train arrives at Baku every twenty-four hours, and yet this is the way travelers are received at the best hotel in that city! Thus shelterless, strangers in a strange town, we drove away to the *Hôtel d'Italie*. There, after some effort, we succeeded in obtaining rooms. Before we retired our good friend, the general of engineers, who was also lodged there, came to our rooms to wish us a pleasant slumber.

with a hearty shake of the hand and a bluff, genial laugh that welcomed us to Baku.

Geniality and courtesy are not small factors in smoothing the rough way of life. They cost nothing, but yet are grudged by many. Our hotel, as revealed to us by the morning light, was a curiously planned structure. Imagine a corridor some four hundred feet long. On one side were the sleeping-rooms and on the other the large yard of the inn stable. The whole length of this hall a row of small tables was ranged for meals, a window being between each table. Everything was conducted on the most slovenly and irregular system, and on every bill items were attached for articles which had never been ordered, and which it was insisted that we should pay. The natural result followed that we were forced on the second day to engage apartments at the *Hôtel d'Europe*, the one which had closed its doors against us on our first arrival. Notwithstanding this fact, travelers to Baku will find this hotel, if not a palace, at least the best east of Tiflis, which is not saying very much for it, after all. It is provided with a hose, which may prove of exceptional use, as we found it to be when a crowd of clamorous Persian porters jammed themselves in the door and swarmed upstairs after the luggage, on hearing a rumor that we were about to embark. The only way they could be got rid of was to bring out the hose and give them a soaking. The irresistible stream finally dispersed them amid an uproar of curses and yells.

It is difficult to know where to begin in describing Baku. Perhaps it is better to speak of it first as a Persian city. For ages the Transcaucasus belonged to Persia. Baku was at that time an important frontier fortress, having the best harbor on the Caspian, a matter of less consequence to Persia than to Russia. This town still exists. It occupies the side of a hill, and is surrounded by a fosse, walls and towers built after the style peculiar to Persia and India. The top of the battlements is circular instead of angular, and they are pierced with loopholes for arrows. The gates are also machicolated. On the sea-side, near the water, is an enormous round-tower one hundred feet high, called the

Kala y Duktar, or Maiden's Tower. Toward the sea the tower assumes the form of a solid wedge of masonry, which may have been intended both to deflect balls thrown from ships and as a buttress to resist the downward pressure of the hill-side. This tower is used at present for a lighthouse. The old town is still occupied by Persians, who retain their peculiar architecture, their bazaars and their baths. The houses are generally built in the form of a hollow court. Even the coat-of-arms of Persia is still seen over the entrance to the baths. It represents a rampant lion, over whose shoulders bursts the sun with a human face in the centre. The Russians owe their success in retaining their Asiatic possessions to wisely declining to interfere with the customs or pursuits of the subjugated. It will be observed that, unlike the Turks, the Persians seem content to remain, instead of emigrating when their territory comes under Christian rule. If possible, Baku is even more a Persian city to-day than formerly, for every other person one meets wears the sheepskin cap of Persia, and displays the keen, black eyes, swarthy complexion and handsome features of Ivan.

Around the old city built by the Persians a new city has grown up; the total population is now upward of 40,000. Fifteen years ago Baku was, in point of fact, a Persian walled town, although under Russian rule. To-day it is a large and rapidly growing European city, with a highly important commerce. What has done this? The answer is, petroleum! From the time of Herodotus it has been known that the shores of the Caspian abounded in naphtha, bitumen and inflammable oil. But it does not seem to have occurred to any one to make it available for commerce, until after its possibilities had been tested by the development of the coal-oil trade of the United States. There is always a first time. The time for Baku arrived with the governor who was sent there fifteen years ago. To him occurred the idea that in this vast supply of petroleum Russia possessed a mine of wealth, destined to rival the gold fields of California. The chief difficulty, from the outset, was not in obtaining the oil but in refining it to the degree where it could rival the petroleum of America. It contains more naph-

tha than the American oil, and great effort has been expended in devising means to free the oil from this ingredient. Although as yet not as pure as our petroleum, that of Baku is at least sufficiently clear to make it evident that unless our traders take the greatest precautions, Russia is on the point of winning a large part of our markets for this now very important article of commerce. Last year the export of petroleum from Baku reached the enormous sum of fifteen millions of dollars. A large fleet of square-rigged vessels is engaged in transporting the commerce of Baku, which is also a station for several lines of steamers. These boats have been built in sections in England and Sweden and floated down the Volga. But recently fine vessels of 1,000 tons have been built at Kassar. They carry large sail-power, as the prevailing winds of the Caspian are too valuable an aid to locomotion to be dispensed with. But the peculiarity of these rakish little steamers is the engine, invented by a Russian. Petroleum, instead of wood or coal, is their motive-power. A small steam-engine is required to start the engine; but that once done, the petroleum is forced through fine apertures, in the form of an impalpable spray into the furnace, where, once kindled, it produces enormous heat. When I descended into the engine-room of one of these steamers I could touch nothing without gloves, so widely was the heat diffused.

The abundance of the petroleum is indicated by the fact that at the extensive petroleum wells, several miles north of Baku, the work is conducted at night by the aid of the flames perpetually bursting out of the earth. At least three thousand years ago these inflammable springs were widely known. Even more remarkable, perhaps, because more often brought to one's attention, is the evidence of the petroleum apparent even in the most frequented thoroughfares of Baku. The dust is laid by the petroleum oozing through the surface. In many places it lies in pools, like stagnant water, and the poorer people scoop it up and use it for cressets in the shops.

For the rest, the city is cleanly and well built, and would be an agreeable place of residence, but for the fine dust blown from the surrounding hills in the terrible wind-

storms which gave a name to the place. Baku means the place of winds. I saw it blow for two days from the north, like the mistral of the south of France. The streets and the sea appeared hazy with smoke. Men walked the streets with the mouths, ears and nostrils muffled. I never saw the equal of it. It was literally a simoom of Sahara.

Naturally an air of thrift and prosperity is diffused about a place which has grown so rapidly. A fine esplanade extends the whole length of the city in front, by the seaside. The lower or ground story of all the buildings on this long street is occupied by shops. Nearly half of these shops are either tea-houses or money-changers' offices. They are all open to the street. As one passes, he sees the bright-eyed Persians on low divans, sitting on their heels, Persian fashion, counting and weighing coin, or sipping tea and smoking the *kalian*, the water-pipe of Persia. The *kalian* differs from the Turkish *narghile* by having a short, wooden stem, instead of a long, serpentine tube. It is often made of silver and wood, elegantly and profusely carved. Thus at every turn one jostles a group of Persians; but, when he is about to conclude that the city belongs to them, a barouche whirls by with a bevy of handsome Russian ladies, or a Cossack orderly at a gate lashes the idlers who interfere with his onward stride. One of the oddest sights is the Persian women veiled, so that even their eyes are invisible, squatting on the steps of the pier washing linen in the sea. Suddenly the great bell of the Cathedral booms over the city, and you are reminded, lest you forget the fact, that you are in a nominally Christian and not a Moslem town.

The saying goes, that not a blade of grass, much less a tree, can grow at Baku. But the perseverance of the government has availed to draw sunbeams out of cucumbers. A beautiful public garden at the southern end of the city, well laid out with winding walks and shaded with shrubbery and lofty plants, has at last disproved the saying. It is, however, true that no soil could be more uncongenial to vegetation than that of Baku.

It was my fortune to be in Baku the day of the coronation of Alexander III. The

streets and houses were gay with streamers and banners. From dawn till daylight the Cathedral bell boomed its sonorous *Te Deum* over the rejoicing city. Far out beyond the doors of the church stood a dense and devout throng, bareheaded under a burning sun, listening to the chanting of the anthems of thanksgiving. At night the streets were one blaze of light, for cressets bearing balls saturated with petroleum flashed from street to street. From the sea the effect was magical and magnificent. It was impossible not to feel a sympathetic glow kindle the heart, as one saw the enthusiasm and joy of a great people losing themselves on a sublime national festival like this, however one might hesitate to approve the entire policy of the power which found vent on such a day of jubilation and song. The stranger wandering through the streets in this peculiar city by this inland sea, so far away from the civilization of the west, forgot for awhile the concealed terrors of nihilism and the autocracy which, with a semblance of progress, is ever aiming to gratify the lust of an insatiable ambition.

One of the most singular mental effects I noticed on myself was that produced whenever I walked to the quay and saw the large fleet rocking in the port. Shelley's *Alastor* had from early youth haunted my memory and given me the impression that the Caspian was a weird, half-ideal sea, with shores tenanted by the ghosts of dead empires; with a coast which was a reedy morass trodden only by the bittern and the crane; with waters gray with the haze of a perpetual twilight, a vast, mysterious solitude. Such in part it is on the eastern shore; but at Baku the Caspian conveys no such idea. Square-rigged ships ride at anchor by scores; the port is busy with wherries and sail-boats darting hither and thither; and sharp, heavily-sparred steamers of 500 to 1,000 tons are constantly entering and leaving the docks. The only peculiarity that distinguishes these ships from those of other seas is the rig, which carried me back to my boyhood. Two-topsail schooners with very rakish masts abounded, thoroughly piratical and altogether like vessels common elsewhere thirty-five years ago, but no longer in use except on the Caspian. Brigantines, with

a small topsail on the mainmast, sloops with a square topsail, and other obsolete rigs were to be seen on this sea which has fashions of its own; which has no relations with any other sea; which is neither fresh nor salt, and also enjoys the freak of lying over one hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

I left Baku at midnight, in the height of a terrific norther. But by keeping close under the lee of the shore we smoothened the water until our arrival at Lankoran, where a lee could be made in case the wind shifted or increased. The vessel was the small iron steamer "*Armenia*." She had no state-rooms, and we were forced to sleep on the sofas. When the wind moderated, the meals were served on deck under an awning. The crew and cook were Persians. The captain was a burly, small-eyed Alaskan. He could speak broken English and claimed American citizenship on the score of his birth in Alaska, although he was the son of a Russian governor and an Aleutian woman. He was easy-natured and polite, and dispensed the honors at his table, including caviare and vodka, with a generous hand. The following day we touched at Lankoran, an old Persian town, now under Russian sway. It is a very pretty place embowered in dense foliage, on an alluvial plain at the foot of a grand chain of mountains which are outposts of the grander mountains of Persia. In the afternoon we came to Astara, on the frontier. It resembles Lankoran. Lankoran means in Persian the place of anchorage. The reader will observe that it offers one of the many resemblances which exist between the Sanscrit and the English tongue.

The following morning we anchored off the port of Enzeli, a Persian town. This is the usual place for making a landing on Persian soil. But, as it lies at the extreme southern end of the Caspian and can be only reached by crossing a dangerous bar on which the whole range of the northerly winds have play, it frequently happens that no landing can be effected, and the steamer is obliged to go to Asterabad on the southwest coast. This greatly adds to the length and difficulties of the journey to Teheran. A heavy and increasing swell was rolling our steamer's side almost under when we

arrived at Enzeli. But happily we were saved the difficulties of attempting to cross the bar in clumsy boats manned by lubberly boatmen. The steam-yacht of the Shah was courteously placed at our disposal. Lying under the lee of our steamer, she

transferred us safely on board and carried us comfortably over the rollers of the bar to the summer pavilion of his Majesty, at Enzeli.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

TEHERAN, PERSIA,

September, 1883.

CREATION OR EVOLUTION? A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY.

II.

IT is doubtless an interesting speculation to go back in imagination to a period to be counted by any number of millions of years, or covered by an immeasurable lapse of time, and to conceive of slowly-moving causes by which the present or the past inhabitants of this globe became developed out of some primordial type, through successive generations, resulting in different species, which became final products and distinct organisms. But what the imagination can do in the formation of a theory when acting upon a certain range of facts is, as a matter of belief, to be tested by the inquiry whether the weight of evidence shows that theory to be, in a supreme degree, a probable truth, when compared with any other hypothesis. It is in this way that I propose to examine and test the Darwinian pedigree of man. The whole of Mr. Darwin's theory of the descent of man as an animal consists in assigning to him a certain pedigree, which traces his organism through a long series of other animals back to the lowest and crudest form of animal life; and it must be remembered that this mode of accounting for the origin of man of necessity supposes an unbroken connection of lives with lives, back through the whole series of organisms which constitute the pedigree, and that, according to the Darwinian theory, there was no aboriginal creation of any of these organisms, save the very first and lowest form with which the series commences. Not only must this connection of lives with lives be shown, but the theory must be able to show how it has come about that there are now distinct species of animals which never reproduce any type but their own.

Two great agencies, according to the Darwinian theory, have operated to develop the different species of animals from

some low primordial type, through a long series which has culminated in man, who cannot lay claim to be a special creation, but must trace his pedigree to the ape, and so on to the remote progenitor of all the *vertebrata*. It is now needful to grasp, with as much precision as such a theory admits of, the nature and operation of these agencies, and to note the strength or weakness of the proof which they afford of the main hypothesis. First, we have what is called "the struggle for existence," which may be conceded as a fact, and to which more or less may be attributed. The term is used by Mr. Darwin in a metaphorical sense, to include all that any being has to encounter in maintaining its individual existence, and in leaving progeny, or perpetuating its kind. In the animal kingdom, the struggle for individual existence is chiefly a struggle for food among the different individuals which depend on the same food, or against a dearth of one kind of food which compels a resort to some other kind. The struggle for a continuation of its species is dependent on the success with which the individual animal maintains the contest for its own existence. Now, it is argued that in this great and complex battle for life, it would occur that infinitely varied diversities of structure would be useful to the animals in helping them to carry on the battle under changing conditions. These useful diversities, consisting of the development of new organs and powers, would be preserved and perpetuated in the offspring, through many successive generations, while the variations that were injurious would be rigidly destroyed. The animals in whom these favorable individual differences and variations of structure were preserved would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind. So that, by

this "survival of the fittest," nature is continually selecting those variations of structure which are useful, and continually rejecting or eliminating those which are injurious; the result being the gradual evolution of successive higher types of animals out of the lower ones, until we reach man, the highest animal organism that exists on this earth. In the next place, we have, as an auxiliary agency, in aid of natural selection, what is called "the sexual selection," by which the best endowed and most powerful males of a given species appropriate the females, and thus the progeny become possessed of those variations of structure and the superior qualities which have given to the male parent the victory over his competitors.

The proofs that are relied upon to establish the operation and effect of these agencies in producing the results that are claimed for them, ought to show that in one or more instances, an animal of a superior organization, which, when left to the natural course of its reproduction by the union of its two sexes, always produces its own distinct type and no other, has, in fact, been itself evolved out of some lower and different organism by the agencies of natural and sexual selection operating among the individuals of that lower type. One of the proofs, on which great stress is laid by Mr. Darwin, may be disposed of without difficulty. It is that which is said to take place in the breeding of domestic animals, or of animals the breeding of which man undertakes to improve for his own practical benefit, or to please his fancy, or to try experiments. In all that has been done in this kind of selection, in breeding from the best specimens of any class of animals, there is not one instance of the production of an animal varying from its near or its remote known progenitors in anything but adventitious peculiarities, which will not warrant us in regarding it as a new or different animal. No breeder of horses has ever produced an animal that was not a horse. He may have brought about great and important improvements in the qualities of fleetness, or strength, or weight, or endurance, by careful selection of the sire and the dam; but the race-horse or the hunter, or the draft-horse or the war-horse, is but a horse of different qualities

and powers, with the same skeleton, viscera, organs, muscles, which mark this species of animal, and with no other variations of structure than such as follow from the limited development of different parts for different uses. No breeder of cows ever produced a female animal that was not a cow, although he may have greatly improved the quality and quantity of the milk peculiar to this animal, by careful selection of the individuals which he permits or encourages to breed. No breeder of sheep ever produced an animal that was not a sheep, although the quality of the fleece or of the mutton may have been greatly improved or varied. Among the domestic fowls, no animal that was not a bird was ever bred by any crossing of breeds, although great varieties of plumage, structure of beak, formation of foot, development of wing, habits of life, adaptation to changes of situation, and many minor peculiarities, have been the consequences of careful and intelligent breeding from different varieties of the same fowl. In the case of the pigeon, of which Mr. Darwin has given a great many curious facts from his own experience as a breeder, the most remarkable variations are perhaps to be observed as the results of intentional breeding from different races of that bird; but with all these variations nothing that was not a bird was ever produced. In the case of the dog, whatever was his origin, or supposing him to have been derived from the wolf, or to belong to the same family as the wolf, it is of course impossible to produce, by any crossing of different breeds of dogs, an animal that would not belong to the class of the *canide*. Indeed, it is conceded by Darwin, with all the array of facts which he adduces in regard to the domesticated animals, that by crossing we can only get forms in some degree intermediate between the parents; and that although a race may be modified by occasional crosses, if aided by careful selection of the individuals which present the desired character, yet to obtain a race intermediate between two quite distinct races would be very difficult, if not impossible. If this is so, how much more remote must be the possibility, by any selection, or by any crossing to which nature will allow the different animals to submit, to produce an animal of so

distinct a type that it would amount to a different species from its known progenitors.

From all that has been brought about in the efforts of man to improve or to vary the breeds of domestic animals—a kind of selection that is supposed to be analogous to what takes place in nature, although under different conditions—it is apparent that there are limitations to the power of selection in regard to the effects that are to be attributed to it. A line must be drawn somewhere. It will not do in scientific reasoning, or in any other reasoning, to ignore the limitations to which all experience and observation point with unerring certainty, so far as experience and observation furnish us with facts. It is true that the lapse of time during which there has been, with more or less success, an intentional improvement in the breeds of domestic animals carried on with recorded results, has been very short, when compared with the enormous period that has elapsed since the first creation of an animal organization, whenever or whatever that creation was. But history furnishes us with a pretty long stretch of time through which civilized, half-civilized and savage nations have had to do with various animals, in first taming them from a wild state and then in domesticating so as to make them subservient to human wants, and finally in improving their breeds. But there is no recorded or known instance in which there has been produced, under domestication, an animal which can be said to be of a different species from its immediate known progenitors, or one that differed from its remote known progenitors, in any but minor and adventitious peculiarities of structure. If, in passing from what has been done by human selection, in the breeding of animals, to what has taken place in nature in a much longer space of time, and on a far greater scale, we find that in nature, too, there are limitations to the power of that agency which is called natural selection—that there is an impassable barrier which nature never crosses—an invincible division between the different species of animals—we must conclude that there is a line between what selection can and what it cannot do. We must conclude, with all the scope and power that can

be given to natural selection, that nature has not developed a higher and differently organized animal out of a lower and inferior type—has not made new species by the process called evolution—because the infinite God has not commissioned nature to do that thing, but has reserved it unto himself to make special creations. Do not all that we know of the animal kingdom—all that naturalists have accumulated of facts and all that they concede to be the absence of facts—show that there is a clear and well-defined limitation to the power of natural selection, as well as to the power of that other agency which is called sexual selection? Grant that this agency of natural selection began to operate at a period, the commencement of which is as remote as figures can describe; that the struggle for life began as soon as there was an organized being existing in numbers sufficiently large to be out of proportion to the supply of food; that the sexual selection began at the same time, and that both together have been operating ever since among the different species of animals that have successively arisen and successively displaced each other throughout the earth. The longer we imagine this period to have been, the stronger is the argument against the theory of evolution, because the more numerous will be the absences of the gradations and transitions necessary to prove an unbroken descent from the remote prototype which is assumed to have been the first progenitor of the whole animal kingdom. Upon the hypothesis that evolution is a true account of the origin of the different animals, we ought practically to find no missing links in the chain. The fact is, that the missing links are both extremely numerous and important; and the longer the period assumed, the farther we get from the probability that these two agencies of natural and sexual selection were capable of producing the results that are claimed for them;—the stronger is the proof that a barrier has been set to their operation, and the more necessary is it to recognize the line which separates what they can from what they cannot do.

Let us now see what is the state of the proof. It may assist the reader to understand the Darwinian pedigree of man, if I present it in a tabulated form, such as we

are accustomed to use in exhibiting to the eye the pedigree of a single animal. Stated in this manner, the Darwinian pedigree of man may be traced as follows:

- I. A marine animal of the maggot form.
- II. Group of lowly-organized fishes.
- III. Ganoids and other fishes.
- IV. The Amphibians.
- V. The ancient Marsupials.
- VI. The *Quadrumana* and all the higher mammals.
- VII. The *Lemuridæ*.
- VIII. The *Simiadæ*.
- IX. Old World Monkeys. New World Monkeys.
- X. MAN.

These ten classes or groups of animals are supposed to be connected together by intermediate diversified forms, which constitute the transitions from one of the classes or groups to the other; and in reading the table downward it must be remembered that we are reading in fact through an ascending scale of beings, from the very lowest organized creature to the highest. The whole, taken together, forms a chain of evidence; and, according to the rational rules of evidence, each distinct fact ought to be proved to have existed at some time before our belief in the main hypothesis can be challenged. I know of no reason why the probable truth of a scientific hypothesis should be judged by any other rules of determination than those which are applied to any other subject of inquiry; and, while I am ready to concede that in matters of physical science it is allowable to employ analogy in constructing a theory, it nevertheless remains, and must remain, true that where there are numerous links in a supposed chain of proofs that are established by nothing but an inference drawn from an analogous fact, the collection of supposed proofs does not exclude the probable truth of every other hypothesis but that which is sought to be established, as it also does not establish the theory in favor of which the supposed facts are adduced. Upon these principles of evidence I propose now to examine the Darwinian pedigree of man.

I. The group of marine animals described as resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidi-ans; that is to say, an aquatic animal in
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the form of a grub, caterpillar or worm, which is the first condition of an insect at its issuing from the egg. These assumed progenitors of the Vertebrata are reached, according to Mr. Darwin, by "an obscure glance into a remote antiquity," and they are described as "apparently" existing, and as "resembling" the larvæ of existing Ascidi-ans. We are told that these animals were provided with branchiæ, or gills, for respiration in water, but with the most important organs of the body, such as the brain and heart, imperfectly or not at all developed. This simple and crude animal "we can see," it is said, "in the dim obscurity of the past," and that it "must have been the early progenitor of all the Vertebrata."* It is manifest that this creature is a mere hypothesis, constructed, no doubt, by the aid of analogy, but existing only in the eye of scientific imagination. Why is it placed in the water? For no reason, apparently, but that its supposed construction is made to resemble that of some creatures which have been found in the water, and because it was necessary to make it the progenitor of the next group, the lowly-organized fishes, in order to carry out the theory of the subsequent derivations. It might have existed on the land, unless at the period of its assumed existence the whole globe was covered with water. If it had existed on the land, the four subsequent forms, up to and including the Marsupials, might have been varied to suit the exigencies of the pedigree without tracing the descent of the Marsupials through fishes and the Amphibians.

II. The group of lowly-organized fishes. These are said to have been "probably" derived from the aquatic worm (I.), and they are described to have been as lowly organized as the lancelet, which is a known fish of negative characters, without brain, vertebral column or heart, presenting some affinities with the Ascidi-ans, which are invertebrate, hermaphrodite, marine creatures, permanently attached to a support, and consisting of a simple, tough, leathery sack, with two small projecting orifices. The larvæ of these creatures somewhat resemble tadpoles, and have the power of

* "Descent of Man," pp. 164, 609.

swimming freely about. These larvæ of the Ascidians are said to be, in their manner of development, related to the Vertebrata in the relative position of the nervous system, and in possessing a structure closely like the *chorda dorsalis* of vertebrate animals.* Here again it is apparent that a group of lowly-organized fish-like animals, of which there are no remains, have been constructed by a process of scientific reasoning from a certain class of marine creatures that are known. As a matter of pure theory, there can be no serious objection to this kind of construction, especially if it is supported by strong probabilities furnished by known facts. But when a theory requires this kind of reasoning in order to establish an important link in a chain of proofs, it is perfectly legitimate and necessary criticism, that we are called upon to assume the former existence of such a link; and, indeed, the theorists themselves, with true candor and accuracy, tell us that they are arguing upon probabilities from the known to the unknown, or that a thing "must have existed" because analogies warrant the assumption that it did exist. In a matter so interesting, and in many senses important as the evolution theory of man's descent, it is certainly none too rigid to insist on the application of the ordinary rules of belief.

III. The Ganoids and other fishes like the Lepidosiren. These, we are told, "must have been developed" from the preceding (II.). The Ganoids, it is said, were fishes covered with peculiar enameled bony scales. Most of them are said to be extinct, but enough is known about them to lay the foundation for their "probable" development from the first fishes that are supposed to have been derived from the aquatic worm (I.). There is a reason for arguing the existence of these first fishes as a true fish with the power of locomotion, because the next ascending group of animals is to be the Amphibians. In a fish, the swim-bladder is an important organ; and it is an organ that plays an important part in the Darwinian theory, furnishing, it is claimed, a very remarkable illustration that an organ constructed originally for one purpose, flotation, may be converted into one

for a widely different purpose, namely, respiration. As the Amphibians, which as a distinct group were to come next after the fishes in the order of development, must be furnished with a true air-breathing lung, their progenitors, which inhabited the water only, must be provided with an organ that would undergo, by transitional gradations, conversion into a lung. But what is to be chiefly noted here is that it is admitted that the prototype, which was furnished with a swim-bladder, was "an ancient and unknown prototype;" and it is a mere inference that the true lungs of vertebrate animals are the swim-bladder of a fish so converted, by ordinary generation, from the unknown prototype, because the swim-bladder is "homologous or 'ideally similar' in position and structure with the lungs of the higher vertebrate animals."* One might ask here without presumption, why the Omnipotent God should not have created in the vertebrate animals a lung for respiration, as well as have created or permitted the formation of a swim-bladder in a fish; and looking to the probabilities of the case, it is altogether too strong for the learned naturalist to assert that "there is no reason to doubt that the swim-bladder has actually been converted into lungs or an organ used exclusively for respiration;" especially as we are furnished with nothing but speculation to show the intermediate and transitional modifications between the swim-bladder and the lung. While we may not assume "that the Creator works by intellectual powers like those of man," in all respects, it is surely not presumptuous to suppose that an Omnipotent and All-wise Being works by powers that are competent to produce anything that in his infinite purposes he may see fit specially to create.

IV. The Amphibians. Here we come to what is now a very numerous group, of which it is said that the first specimens received, among other modifications, the transformation of the swim-bladder of their fish progenitors into an air-breathing lung. We are told that from the fishes of the last preceding group (III.) "a very small advance would carry us on to the Amphibians."† But whether the advance from an animal living

* "Descent of Man," p. 159.

* "Origin of Species," p. 148. † "Descent of Man," p. 165.

in the water and incapable of existing out of that element, to an animal capable of living on the land as well as in the water, was small or large, we look in vain, at present, for the facts that constitute that advance.

V. The Ancient Marsupials. These were an order of mammals such as the existing kangaroos, opossums, etc., of which the young, born in a very incomplete state of development, are carried by the mother, while sucking, in a ventral pouch. They are supposed to have been the predecessors, at an earlier geological period, of the placental mammals, namely, the highest class of mammals, in which the embryo, after it has attained a certain stage, is united to the mother by a vascular connection called the *placenta*, which secures nourishment that enables the young to be born in a more complete state. There is a third and still lower division of the great mammalian series, called the *Montremata*, and said to be allied to the Marsupials. But the early progenitors of the existing Marsupials, classed as the Ancient Marsupials, are supposed to constitute the connection between the Amphibians and the placental mammals; that is to say, an animal which produced its young by bringing forth an egg, from which the young is hatched, became converted into an animal which produced its young from a womb and nourished it after birth from the milk supplied by its teats, the young being born in a very incomplete state of development and carried by the mother in a ventral pouch while it is sucking. The steps of variation and development by which this extraordinary change of structure, of modes of reproduction and formation of organs, as well as habits of life, took place, are certainly not yet discovered; and it is admitted, in respect to forms "now so utterly unlike," that the production of the higher forms by the process of evolution, "implies the former existence of links binding closely together all these forms."^{*} In other words, we are called upon to supply by general reasoning links of which we have as yet no proof.

VI. The *Quadrumanæ* and all the higher (or Placental) Mammals. These are supposed to stand between the *implacental*

mammals (V.) and the *Lemuridæ* (VII.). The latter were a group of four-handed animals, distinct from the monkeys, and "resembling the *Insectivorous Quadrupeds*." But the gradations which would show the transformation from the *implacental Marsupials* to the *placental Quadrumanæ* are wanting.

VII. The *Lemuridæ*. This branch of the placental mammals is now actually represented by only a few varieties. The early progenitors of those which still exist are placed by Darwin in the series intermediate between the *Quadrumanæ* and the *Simiadæ*; and according to Huxley they were derived from the lowest, smallest and least intelligent of the placental *mammalia*.

VIII. The *Simiadæ*. This is the general term given by naturalists to the whole group of monkeys. From the *Lemuridæ* to the *Simiadæ* we are told by Darwin that "the interval is not very wide." Be it wider or narrower, it would be satisfactory to know whether the gradations by which the former became the latter are established by anything more than general speculation.

IX. The *Catarrhine*, or *Old-World Monkeys*. These are the great stem or branch of the *Simiadæ* which became the progenitors of man. His immediate progenitors were "probably" a group of monkeys called by naturalists the *Anthropomorphous Apes*, being a group without tails or callosities, and in other respects resembling man. While this origin of man is gravely put forward and maintained with much ingenuity, we are told that "we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole *Simian* stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."^{*} So that somewhere between the early progenitor of the whole *Simian* stock and all that we know of the monkey tribe, there were transitions and gradations and modifications produced by natural and sexual selection which we must supply as well as we can.

X. Man. We have now arrived at "the wonder and glory of the universe," and have traced his pedigree from a low form of animal, in the shape of an aquatic worm, through successive higher forms, each de-

^{*} "Descent of Man," p. 158.

^{*} "Descent of Man," p. 155.

veloped out of its predecessor by the operation of fixed laws, and without the intervention of any special act of creation anywhere in the series, whatever may have been the power and purpose by and for which existence was given to the first organized and living creature, the aquatic worm. Speaking of man as belonging, from a genealogical point of view, to the Catarrhine, or Old-World stock of monkeys, Mr. Darwin observes that "we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated."*

I have already said that our pride may be wholly laid out of consideration. The question of the probable truth of this hypothesis of man's descent should not be affected by anything but correct reasoning and the application of proper principles of belief. Treating it with absolute indifference in regard to the dignity of our race, I shall request my readers to examine the argument by which it is supported, without the smallest influence of prejudice. I am aware that it is asking a good deal to desire the reader to divest himself of all that nature and education and history and poetry and religion have contributed to produce in our feelings respecting our rank in the scale of being. When I come to treat of that which, for want of a more suitable term, must be called the substance of the human mind, and to suggest how it bears upon this question of the origin of man, I shall, as I trust, give the true, and no more than the true, scope to those considerations which lead to the comparative dignity of the race. But this dignity, as I have before observed, should follow and should not precede or accompany the discussion of the scientific problem.

What has chiefly struck me in studying the theory of evolution as an account of the origin of man is the extent to which the theory itself has influenced the array of proofs, the inconsequential character of the reasoning and the amount of assumption which marks the whole argument. This is not said with any purpose of giving offense. What is meant by it will be fully explained, and justified; and one of the

chief means for its justification will be found in what I have here more than once adverted to, Mr. Darwin's own candor and accuracy in pointing out the particulars in which important proofs are wanting. Another thing by which I have been much impressed has been the repetition of what is "probable," without a sufficient weighing of the opposite probability; and sometimes this reliance on the "probable" has been carried to the verge, and even beyond the verge of all probability. Doubtless the whole question of special creations on the one hand and of gradual evolution on the other is a question of probability. But I now refer to a habit among naturalists of asserting the probability of a fact or an occurrence, and then, without proof, placing that fact or occurrence in a chain of evidence from which the truth of their main hypothesis is to be inferred. It is creditable to them as witnesses, that they tell us that the particular fact or occurrence is only probably true, and that we are to look for proof of it hereafter. But the whole theory thus becomes an expectant one. We are to give up our belief that God made man in his own image—that he fashioned our minds and bodies after an image which he had conceived in his infinite wisdom—because we are to expect at some future time to discover the proof that he did something very different; that he formed some very lowly-organized creature, and then sat as a retired spectator of the struggle for existence, through which another and then another higher form of being would be evolved, until the mind and the body of man would both have grown out of the successive developments of organic structure. We cannot see this now; we cannot prove it; but we may expect to be able to see it and to prove it hereafter.

The present state of the argument does not furnish very strong grounds for the expectation of what the future is to show. As far as I can discover, the main ground on which the principle of evolution is accepted by those who believe in it, is general reasoning. It is admitted that there are breaks in the organic chain between man and his nearest supposed allies which cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species. The answer that is made to this

* "Descent of Man," p. 155.

objection seems to me a very singular specimen of reasoning. It is said that the objection will not appear of much weight to those who believe in the principle of evolution from general reasons. But how is it with those who are inquiring, and who, failing to feel the force of the "general reasons," seek to know what the facts are? When we are told that the breaks in the organic chain "depend merely on the number of related forms which have become extinct," is it asking too much to inquire how it is known that there were such forms and that they have become extinct? Geology, it is fully conceded on its highest authorities, affords us very little aid in arriving at these extinct forms which would connect man with his ape-like progenitors; for, according to Lyell, the discovery of fossil remains of all the vertebrate classes has been a very slow and fortuitous process, and this process has as yet reached no remains connecting man with some extinct ape-like creature.* The regions where such remains would be most likely to be found have not yet been searched by geologists. This shows the expectant character of the theory, and how much remains for the future in supplying the facts which are to take the place of "general reasons."

But perhaps the most remarkable part of the argument remains to be stated. The breaks in the organic chain of man's supposed descent are admitted to be of frequent occurrence in all parts of the series, "some being wide, sharp and defined, others less so in various degrees."† But these breaks depend merely, it is said, upon the number of related forms that have become extinct, there being as yet no proof, even by fossil remains, that they once existed. Now, the prediction is, that at some future time such breaks will be found still more numerous and wider, by a process of extinction that will be observed and recorded; and hence we are not to be disturbed, in looking back into the past, by finding breaks that cannot be filled by anything but general reasoning. The passage in which this singular kind of reasoning is expressed by Mr. Darwin, deserves to be quoted:

"At some future period, not very distant

as measured by centuries, the civilized races of man will almost certainly exterminate and replace the savage races throughout the world. At the same time the anthropomorphous apes, as Professor Schaafhausen has remarked, will no doubt be exterminated. The break between man and his nearest allies will then be wider, for it will intervene between man in a more civilized state, as we may hope, even than the Caucasian, and some ape as low as the baboon, instead of as now between the negro or Australian and the gorilla.*"

I do not quite comprehend how the "more civilized state of man" in the more or less remote future is to lead to this wider break. One can understand how the whole of mankind may become more civilized, and how the savage races will disappear by extermination or otherwise. It may be, and probably will be, that the anthropomorphous apes will be exterminated at the same time. But the question here is not in regard to a more perfect and widely diffused civilization—a higher and universal elevation of the intellectual and moral condition of mankind—a more improved physical and moral well-being—but it is in regard to a change in the physical and organic structure of the human animal, so marked and pronounced as to produce a wider break between man and his nearest supposed allies than that which now exists between the negro or the Australian and the gorilla. The anthropomorphous ape, existing now, will have disappeared; but it will be a well-known and recorded animal of the past. But what reason is there to expect that natural and sexual selection, or the advance of civilization, or the extermination of the savage races of mankind, or all such causes combined, are going to change essentially the structure of the human body to something superior to, or fundamentally different from, the Caucasian individual? We have had a tolerably long recorded history of the human body as it has existed in all states of civilization or barbarism. And although in the progress from barbarism to civilization—if utter barbarism preceded civilization—the development of its parts has been varied, and the brain especi-

*"Descent of Man," pp. 156, 157. † *Ibid.*, p. 156.

*"Descent of Man," p. 156.

ally has undergone a large increase in volume and in the activity of its functions, we do not find that the plan on which the human animal was constructed, however we may suppose him to have originated, has undergone any material change.

The most splendid specimen of the Caucasian race that the civilized world can show to-day has no more organs, bones, muscles, arteries, veins or nerves than those which are found in the lowest savage. He makes a different use of them, and that use has changed their development, and to some extent has modified stature, physical, intellectual and moral, and many other attributes; as climate and habits of life have modified complexion, the diseases to which the human frame is liable, and many other peculiarities. But if we take historic man, we find that in all the physical features of his animal construction that constitute him a species, he has been essentially the same

animal in all states of civilization or barbarism. And unless we boldly assume that the prehistoric man was an animal born with a coat of hair all over his body, and that clothing was resorted to as the hair in successive generations disappeared, we can have no very strong reason for believing that the human body has been at any time an essentially different structure from what it is now. Even in regard to longevity or power of continued life, if we set aside the exceptional cases of what is related of the patriarchs in the biblical records, we do not find that the average duration of human life has been much greater or much less than the threescore and ten or the fourscore years that are said to have been the divinely appointed term. As to what may have been the average duration of life among the prehistoric men, we are altogether in the dark.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

Recent Literature.

A work which confers honor upon our literature is *A History of Ancient Sculpture*,* by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell. She has selected a wide field of labor, having chosen for the subject matter of her book "The monuments preserved to us from Egypt, Chaldaea, Assyria and Persia; those left by the Phenicians on many shores; and those found in Asia Minor, Greece, on the islands of the Ægean, and in Italy." So vast a subject few men would have had the courage to grapple with. But she has studied with the utmost diligence and rare intelligence everything in the way of literature and ancient monuments, "from the tiny jewel and delicate vase-painting to the colossal statue," that could throw any light upon her theme. She has wisely chosen the historical method of treatment, which enables her to trace the gradual growth of beauty in art through the centuries, from the crude products of its earliest days to the full flower of Athenian genius, and thence to its decline in the day of Roman domination. The result of Mrs. Mitchell's labors is set forth in the clear and attractive style which gave such interest to a series of articles by her in the *Century Magazine* in 1882, the substance

of which articles has been embodied in the book before us. As in matters of this kind description can give but a faint idea of the works of art mentioned, no pains have been spared to bring before the eye as many of these works as possible. The volume—a noble specimen of book-making—contains more than three hundred illustrations, many of which are excellent specimens of wood-engraving, six being full-page phototype plates. Mrs. Mitchell seems to have been fortunate in finding aid on every hand. Her acknowledgments to professors at Heidelberg, and the Berlin Museum Library, as well as to gentlemen connected with the British Museum, declare both her own diligence and the recognition her good services to art have received. She has succeeded in producing a work of great learning, which both learned and unlearned can read with pleasure, and which, by giving a clear view of what ancient sculpture yielded in the light of the most recent discoveries, has no equal in the English language. An appendix contains notes and references, an index of citations from Greek and Latin writers, a general index, and valuable tables of museums. A portfolio containing reproductions in phototype of thirty-six masterpieces of ancient art, and entitled "Selections from Ancient Sculpture," has been prepared by Mrs. Mitchell, in order more amply

* *A History of Ancient Sculpture*. By Lucy M. Mitchell. With numerous illustrations, including six plates in phototype. Royal 8vo., pp. 766. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1883.

to illustrate the subject treated of in her work.

Julius Köstlin, who is the author of a comprehensive work on Martin Luther, which appeared in 1875, in two volumes, has written a smaller *Life of Luther*,* of which a translation has just been published. Köstlin, in his preface, calls the latter work a "Sketch" for "what are called educated German readers." This is little short of affectation, however, as the narrative is so full and the details so copious as to present a finished portrait, to say the least. Luther's career was sufficiently varied to furnish his biographer with six well demarcated periods. The first covers his early days up to his entrance into the convent at Erfurt. His occupations as monk and early labors as teacher of theology consume the second period up to 1517. The publication of the ninety-five theses and opposition to Rome, the Diet of Worms and bull of excommunication, make the following four years intensely active ones. A short retirement at Wartburg, opposition to Catholicism and to the fanaticism of the peasants, and marriage with the nun, Catharine von Bora, in 1525, constitute another important epoch. The two remaining periods are devoid of specific interest and are devoted to the reconstruction of the church and the reconciliation of warring factions. What a many-angled personality this career presents! Monk, theologian, author, hymnologist, scholar, man of affairs, and yet withal so appreciative of domestic life as to give utterance to the sentiment, "God's greatest gift to man on earth is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife." But not only are the angles of Luther's character many, but they are all sharply cut. Whatever part he played he was *facile princeps*, as well in execution as in conception. The amount of labor made necessary by this was gigantic, and brought even to his Titanic strength a premature old age and ill health. As an illustration of his disregard of himself, Melancthon tells how at one time his bed had not been made for a year and was mildewed with perspiration. "I was tired out," explained Luther, "and worked myself nearly to death, so that I fell into the bed, and knew nothing about it." Theoretically, however, he was far in advance of his time in his recognition of amusement as ethically required; for he writes to friends, "We serve God, also, by taking holiday and

resting; yes, indeed, in no other way better." The nature of this extraordinary man was essentially a rugged one; physical rather than spiritual, and with a fortunate immunity from sensitiveness. In manner he was coarse and rough in consonance with the times, and his polemics are what to-day would be called vulgar invective. His eloquence was of a popular character, and his biographer tells us that he always endeavored to retain a simple German style, even in his translation of the Bible. Indeed, it is to this power over the people, more than to his other abilities, that the general success of the Reformation is due. Not that we would underestimate his intellectual power, profound erudition, and logical acumen. Without these, not only would the motives of his own conduct and his convictions been powerless, but the people, being without firm support, would soon have given up the struggle. In saying, therefore, that to this power over the masses much is owing, we mean, in the actual establishment of principles so as to bear fruit. Of his own roughness of manner he seemed not unconscious, and speaks at one time, with tacit approval, of his acting "the complete Luther" and using "the most ill-humored language." But whatever his faults of manner, he was kindly natured, a good husband and friend, and generous to a fault.

It shows how gradually Luther developed, that as late as the publication of his works to the German nobility, he did not think that he was to be the Reformer, but accredited that rôle to Melancthon. Of the destruction of the bull, he writes to Staupitz that, "when burning it, he trembled at first and prayed" (p. 215). We have said that Luther was a temporizer, but he was no servile one. His "questionable concessions" were actuated neither by cowardice nor aggrandizement. He acted up to his convictions manfully in everything. His policy was one of conciliation, with the avowed purpose of preventing political discord and outrages in the name of religion; while yet it insisted upon the abolishment of those points of doctrine antagonizing rational interpretations of the Bible, and the abatement of the outrageous scandals connected with the church. He practised as he preached the doctrine of peace, and always preferred the substance to the form.

The current biblical and natural systems of ethics we are all more or less familiar with. But in *Religious Duty** Miss Frances Power

**Life of Luther*. By Julius Köstlin. Translated from the German. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

**Religious Duty*. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: George H. Ellis.

Cobbe formulates a code of morality, which, while it has some points of agreement with the transcendentalism of Emerson, yet offers so many peculiarities as to render its classification difficult. Her design is "the development of Theism as a Religion for the Life no less than a Philosophy for the Intellect"—all with capital letters. In order to appreciate the requirements of this Theism, it should be said, that it utterly rejects the doctrines of an orthodox theology. Revelation and all ecclesiasticism, together with the idea of future punishment, are repudiated with a sort of contempt. But the conception of a God, anthropomorphic in his actions, if not in his attributes, is retained as indisputable. To such a being love is premised as the sentiment of universal obligation; and from this premise are deduced all the other religious duties and derelictions. Against the thought that God is not "altogether lovely," in that he permits so much suffering and seeming injustice, it is contended forcibly that "these are often the very best helps, and consequently the best blessings of all, healing our sinful hearts, and making us advance with tenfold rapidity on the path toward our glorious end." (p. 122). Pope's well-known lines, however, summarize all the author says in explanation of this anomaly:

"All nature is but art unknown to thee:
All chance, direction which thou canst not see:
All discord, harmony not understood:
All partial evil, universal good."

To show how all the religious duties are necessarily focused in this beatific love much space is devoted. And if we were not so impressed with the *petitio principii* of her argument, the author would affect us more. To reach that lofty height at which all our religious aspirations are realized solely through "intuition," makes it necessary to breathe an atmosphere so rarified as to endanger one's equilibrium. It is somewhat rash to surrender, as our author would have us do, the leadership of the intellect to a sublimated, beatific ecstasy. "To urge our suit in that (court) of conscience, instead of that of the intellect," seems to us to be the apotheosis of emotion. But, aside from all logical and theoretical objections to this new foundation of morals, its practical influence would be slight. The crowd has neither the time nor power for the intension it would require to appreciate all such intuitional beauties. The system is esoteric. Considering Miss Cobbe's exalted disbelief in Christianity, and ridicule for "the childish readiness to trust in testimony," it is curious to observe her unquestioning faith in her own intuitions. Though

not without considerable argumentative symmetry, the style of this essay is mainly hortatory, and has hardly a page that does not fairly bristle with italics.

In the winter of 1881-2 Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, made in the south of Europe and a bit of Africa, a tour of which he has given some account in *Notes of a Roundabout Journey*.* Mr. Warner never goes abroad without bringing back something worth telling, and his delightful way of telling it has long been familiar in sundry books of travel. His keen observation and his fund of delicate and refined humor combine to make his pen always welcome. The present book has some of his best traits and his wise and witty paragraphs keep the reader's attention. His course lay out of the beaten route. Cette, Montpellier and Sicily are not visited every day by traveling Americans. But numbers of Americans ought to be lured thither by Mr. Warner's entertaining account of what is to be seen there. If Mr. Warner had been satisfied with telling us what he saw, it would have been difficult to find any fault with him. But, unfortunately, he has also undertaken to tell something of what he has read. And either his reading has been very remarkable, or his memory of it in going about the world has become a trifle impaired. Some of his chronological and historical statements make such havoc with well-known dates, that one is inclined to think these statements must be meant for jokes, though where the joke comes in it is hard to see. Mr. Warner makes no hesitation in placing a familiar historical event two or three hundred years before or after the time usually assigned to it, and we find in his pages men alive and walking the earth long after they have been generally supposed to have been in their graves. The moral of all this is that Mr. Warner should stick to his last. He should let the learning alone and be content to be one of the sweetest and brightest and most beloved of living American writers.

A little volume of poems, by Mr. W. W. Story, which is neatly printed and covered with parchment paper, has apparently no very pretentious purpose, though it is a trifle more pretentious than Mr. Story himself appears to believe. Mr. Story is one of those able and versatile men who, without being poets in any pronounced way, are still ambitious to make a

* *A Roundabout Journey*. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo., pp. 360. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

record, as it were, in verse. In *He and She*,* Mr. Story finds a chance to relieve his mind ingeniously, without seeming to put much value upon the process of relief. The book is in the form of a dialogue. The persons who speak are He and She. "He," we are informed, "was in the habit of wandering alone, during the summer mornings, through the forest and along the mountain side, and one of his favorite haunts was a picturesque glen, where he often sat for hours alone with nature, lost in vague contemplation." In this picturesque haunt, while He watched the busy insect and the chirring bird, He wrote some clever, and some not especially clever, verse. What he wrote He put into a portfolio—usually an unwise thing to do. But he was still more indiscreet; he read most of his portfolio poetry to Her, whom he met by accident one morning while he was leaning against a mossy boulder, amid the shadow of beeches, busily engaged all the while in setting forth his poetic soul. She says to him: "Ah, here you are, sitting under this old beech and scribbling verses, as usual, are you not?" The poet, with becoming modesty, acknowledges that he is riding his Pegasus. He explains his intentions thus: "Nature is always teasing me to do something for her—to dress her in verse, or in some shape or other of art; and she has such subtle powers of persuasion, that I cannot resist her." Whereupon She begs him to read to her what he has written. This is a request that few poets would care to refuse. He—Mr. Story's poet—does not refuse. But He observes parenthetically: "I don't think them worthy to be heard by you." To which She responds: "Nonsense. You like to read them; I like to hear them. Here we are in this delightful glen; there is no one near to interrupt us; we have the whole day before us; I have a piece of embroidery to occupy my hands; and I will promise to praise every poem you read." A promise like this would thrill the spirit of the least aggressive poet in the world. He is like his brethren. He stands aloof shyly for a brief interval, but He is soon induced to spout nearly everything packed in his portfolio. Yet it is right to add that He expresses a desire to be criticised by Her. That certainly is encouraging. The poet then goes at his business. He begins:

"O beloved day,
Stay with us, oh, stay,
Hurry not with cruel haste thus so swift away."

This does not seem to be altogether appropri-

ate, since, before the day is done, he manages to deliver, for the edification of his listener, about fifty pages of verse. However, she describes the poem as "a rapturous sigh for the impossible." The second poem evolves from her this philosophical reflection: "If we could only be content with what we have, how much happier we should be." The third poem is about Night, which convinces her that he does not write entirely out of his brain; that, indeed, his emotions must be more or less personal. He says, however: "I confess that I amuse myself often in society by looking into the windows of persons I do not know, to see what they are about within." When he explains that one of his poems is "mere go," she makes this acute criticism on it: "Mere go! You speak of that as if it were nothing; but, after all, is not that the secret of a good deal of our poetry, and especially that of Byron? You cannot look into it with a critical eye." It is full of bad English, and false metaphor, and strained sentiment; but there is 'go' in it, and it intoxicates the thoughts and senses, so that one ceases to be critical. *Glissez, glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas*, should be your rule in reading them. It won't do to linger. You must gulp, not sip." And so the reading of verse, and the expression of opinion, go on. A few of the poems are written with grace and feeling; several of them seem conventional and imitative. In a measure, of course, Mr. Story's plan permits him to be imitative. His book, at any rate, is very readable. He has a good hit at one sort of modern poet:

"A Brahmin he sits apart,
Our modern poet, and gazes
Attentively into his heart,
And its faint and vaporous phases
Examines with infinite care."

Mr. Aldrich is as charming and artistic as ever in his book called *Mercedes, and Later Lyrics*.* "Mercedes" is a little prose-play, tragic in its subject, in two acts. It is based upon an incident in the *mémoires* of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, although the pathetic love-story which is told in it is wholly Mr. Aldrich's conception. There are five characters in the play, which opens in a French camp bivouacked on the edge of the forest of Corvelleda, in Spain. *Laboissière* is one of those gay, gallant Frenchmen, who are usually found in French dramas. *Louvois*, his friend, is a love-sick fellow whose sweetheart, a Spanish girl, *Mercedes*, has been,

* *He and She; or, a Poet's Portfolio*. By W. W. Story. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

* *Mercedes and Later Lyrics*. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

apparently, unfaithful to him. *Louvois* discloses the melancholy state of his mind, his fear, and his love, to *Laboissière*. In the second act, he meets his sweetheart again, just after she has poisoned herself and a number of French soldiers. The description given by *Louvois* of his first meeting with *Mercedes* is written with strength and passion: "Yes, I loved her! It was the good God that sent her to my bedside. She nursed me day and night. She brought me back to life. . . . I know not how it happened; the events have no sequence in my memory. I had been wounded; I dropped from the saddle as we entered the village, and was carried for dead into one of the huts. Then the fever took me. . . . Day after day I plunged from one black abyss into another, my wits quite gone. At odd intervals I was conscious of some one bending over me. Now it seemed to be a demon, and now a white-hooded sister of the Sacred Heart, at Paris. Oftener it was that Madonna above the altar in the old mosque at Cordova. Such strange fancies take men with gunshot wounds! One night I awoke in my senses, and there she sat, with her fathomless eyes fixed upon my face, like a statue of pity. You know those narrow, melting eyes these women have, with a dash of Arab fire in them." . . . The whole play is, in fact, written in a clear, fine style, quite unmarred by extravagance or convention. The first act ends with a bright soldier's song, which might have been written by Théophile Gautier. This act is simply a dialogue, but a thoroughly dramatic dialogue spoken against a picturesque background. The second act is full of quick and striking action. The final scene with *Mercedes* and *Louvois* is skillfully handled and marked by real pathos. This little play by Aldrich could, without doubt, be placed upon the stage. As it is, one reads it with uncommon pleasure. It is a well-written play in the best sense. Mr. Aldrich's new lyrics reveal no fresh talent or tendency. But they are all of them up to the average of his smooth, carefully wrought work. Aldrich is essentially a poet of art, who never wastes a line, and who, nevertheless, can express vigorous ideas. His art is not, certainly, robust or opulent; but is an art of fine conciseness. He says what he has to say in as few words as possible. Yet it is a mistake to suppose, as some appear to suppose, that he has nothing to say. The strength of his verse comes both from its chiseling and its meaning.

In a few lines like these, for example, there

is a strictly imaginative treatment of a lucid idea:

"To the sea-shell's spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound:
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.
You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing."

The charm which is felt in a trifle like this reappears in nearly all that the poet writes. The two poems entitled "Epilogue" and "Prescience" are perhaps the most beautiful things in the book.

A good service has been done by Mr. N. Clemmons Hunt in unearthing from obscure corners, a number of excellent translations of poems in various languages, under the title, *The Poetry of Other Lands*.^{*} With these little known translations have been incorporated some well-known versions of masterpieces of ancient lyric art, and the whole, though without the slightest pretensions to be encyclopædic, is such a collection as cannot elsewhere be found. The translations are from the Greek, Latin, Persian, Arabic, Japanese, Turkish, Servian, Russian, Bohemian, Polish, Dutch, German, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages. The poems are arranged under subject headings, a plan which, while it is open to some objections, has still some advantages. Poets of each nationality are grouped together under the respective headings. In an index the names of the authors are alphabetically arranged, with the dates of their birth and death when attainable, and the names of the translators. One regrets to find that the names of some who have made excellent versions are unknown, and they are credited to some magazine. The book is well made and will be an ornament to the library.

Among the tender lyrics of Mrs. Norton, none have attained wider favor than her *Bingen on the Rhine*.[†] The pathos of the soldier's dying message, the grace and delicacy of the lines in which, as he "lay dying in Algiers," he recalls the scenes of his early life in "dear Bingen on

^{*} *The Poetry of Other Lands*. A collection of translations into English verse of the poetry of other languages, ancient and modern. Compiled by N. Clemmons Hunt. 12mo., pp. 445. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

[†] *Bingen on the Rhine*. By Caroline E. S. Norton. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley, Fred. B. Schell, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, J. D. Woodward and Edmund H. Garrett. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

the Rhine," and his messages to his old mother and sister, leave an ineffaceable impression on the mind of the reader. The little poem has good pictorial qualities, which have been well availed of in a holiday edition on heavy paper, with illustrations by W. T. Smedley, Fred. B. Schell, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, J. D. Woodward and Edmund H. Garrett. The work of Mr. Perkins and Mr. Fredericks is especially delightful, and has all the charm of their best manner. The little volume will be an acceptable gift-book, not only at this holiday season, but at any time of year.

Perhaps no piece of American verse is more generally known to or admired by Very Young America, than Clement Moore's *Night Before Christmas*.^{*} It has been printed many times, but has never appeared in such a beautiful dress as one bestowed on it by Messrs. Porter & Coates, in a handsome edition illustrated by Fredericks, Schell, Smedley and Poore. Mr. Fredericks's picture of the saint is the impersonation of jollity, and answers exactly to the well-known lines:

"His eyes; how they twinkled! his dimples; how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry."

The printing and get up of the book are all that could be desired.

The White Nun,[†] which gives the title to Miss Agnes Carter's collection of poems is, in some respects, her best work. She uses a variety of metres with good effect, and treats the story of the hapless nun with a suggestiveness which heightens its fragmentary charm. In her other poems she sings of woods and fields and flowers with true poetic feeling. "The Reign of Summer" and "The Angle" are noticeable for their spontaneity and sympathy, while we are reminded of Frances Ridley Havergal by the religious fervor of "Uncrowned." Miss Carter's verses should insure her welcome to the circle of our younger poets.

In days gone by, when Englishmen used to make a practice of writing ill-natured books about the United States, many Americans would have been delighted to get hold of *John Bull and His Island*,[‡] a good-tempered but sharply

^{*} *The Night Before Christmas*. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by William T. Smedley, Frederick B. Schell, Alfred Fredericks and Henry R. Poore. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

[†] *The White Nun, and Other Poems*. Agnes L. Carter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

[‡] *John Bull and His Island*. By Max O'Rell. Translated from the French, under the supervision of the author. 12mo, pp. 243. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884. Authorized Edition.

written account of England and the English people, by a Frenchman who calls himself Max O'Rell. All the humbug and pretense of John Bull this keen-witted Frenchman exposes mercilessly. He gives Bull credit for many good qualities; but he maintains that a London shopkeeper would consider himself dishonored if he did not give false weight; that a railway broker's clerk would go and hang himself if he could not rob you of a shilling out of the change of a sovereign; that an omnibus conductor would not keep to his occupation a month if he could not double his wages by cheating the company or the passengers, and that no cab-driver ever in his life demanded the right fare, and has even very rarely accepted it. In this lively fashion he "goes for" our English cousins, and his book is very entertaining.

A fine exemplification of the unhesitating way in which some minds rush in where angels fear to tread is *Beyond the Gates*,^{*} by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who in a fanciful narrative, makes no scruples about giving a positive opinion, in regard to matters which neither she nor any human being can know anything positively. Miss Phelps characterizes her production as an "experience." But it is evident that it is intended to be taken, in part at least, seriously; and she "hopes" that it may have "a passing value" to those who are worried by unpleasant doubts in regard to the future state. If the author, however, really supposes there are many to whom such a book as this could be of value, she must have a poor idea of the digestive powers of mankind, and think to feed them on milk for babes. The account is that of a middle-aged woman (told in the first person) who, during an illness, falls into a stupor of thirty hours. During this time she imagines herself in heaven, for an indefinite period, and she gives a relation of her own condition and of her surroundings. A more complete destitution of grandeur and dignity in the conception of the hereafter it were difficult to attain. It is no excuse that the narrative claims to be circumstantial, and descriptive only of a probationary heaven. There is a large field for terrestrial fairy tales, without having to trench upon the celestial. If we have no future life, let greatest reverence—silence—attend our eternal death. But if with life we do not die, let us stand abashed in the presence of a state as far transcending our finite understanding as consciousness transcends unconsciousness. How obnoxious to all sense of decency is

^{*} *Beyond the Gates*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

the account of the narrator's reception in her Father's house by a soldier. "The last time you saw me," he says, "was in a field-hospital after the battle of Malvern Hills. I died in your arms, Miss Mary. . . . I died hard. . . . You sang my soul out—do you remember? I've been watching all this time for you. I've been a pretty busy man since I got to this place, but I've always found time to run in and ask your father when he expected you." There is a description, though not in such bad taste as this, of a musical entertainment conducted by Beethoven. The only appropriate name for stuff of this kind is twaddle.

Among writers of short stories in our republic, there are none who can approach Miss Sarah Orne Jewett in her special field. That field is New England characters and scenes. In these her touch has a felicity which is due to both nature and art. Some of her best traits are found in a little volume just published, entitled *The Mate of the Daylight and Friends Ashore*.^{*} There are eight stories in the book, of which the leading one, "The Mate," though excellent in its way, seems to us to have less of her peculiar charm than those which follow. It would be hard for her to make uninteresting any tale she might choose to tell, but the old sea captains with their yarns, though life-like, seem not drawn with that rare touch she displays elsewhere. Of the stories which follow, "Miss Debby's Neighbors," has all the brightness and breeziness of "Country Byways," and surely a more delightful book in its way was never written. But all the others share with "Miss Debby" that sweet and simple style, so winning in its naturalness, so wholly free from affectation, and that admirable construction in which the narrator, an indubitable artist, manages so cleverly to conceal her art.

A remarkable book, which one hesitates to rank under fiction, is *Round About Rio*,† in which a great deal of information about the capital of Brazil and the flora and fauna of that country is woven into a story, which is singularly fresh and interesting. The skill of the author in that line, Mr. Frank D. Y. Carpenter, is not unknown to readers of THE MANHATTAN, for in May last he gave them, under the title, "The Noble Red Man in Brazil," a fascinating summary of the best novel Brazil has yet produced. To talk

about Rio and Brazil he had rare qualifications, for he was a member of the expedition under Professor Hartt, of Cornell University, for explorations in Brazil, holding the position of geographer to the expedition. It is sad to have to use all these expressions in the past tense, for Mr. Carpenter died on the nineteenth of last month, falling a victim to consumption, against which he had been struggling for some time in vain. His exact age we do not know, but he could not have much passed thirty, if he had reached that age, since he was a member of the first class graduated at Cornell University in 1873. It was during the last weeks of his life that "Round About Rio" was published. The narrative is vivacious, and the pictures of social life, showing keen observation, have a delicate cynicism, which increases their charm. The natural history of the volume is particularly entertaining. The descriptions present the salient points only, which give a very clear idea of what is intended to be described, and make a strong impression on the memory. The book is well made, with a dress worthy of the contents.

When the discoverer of "Uncle Remus" first made his bow in *The Century* magazine, we apprehend that neither he himself nor his readers appreciated the value of his gift. But as he proceeded, it became evident that something quite fresh and original had made its appearance in American literature. His rare skill is shown in a recently issued volume, *Nights with Uncle Remus*,* in which the familiar figures of the plantation stories appear as droll as ever. The tender pathos of the tales is delightful, while as contributions to folk-lore they are unsurpassed. The author, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, in an interesting introduction declares that none of the stories in the present volume are "cooked." "They are given in the simple but picturesque language of the negroes, just as the negroes tell them." His relation to the stories, he tells us, are simply those of editor and compiler. He has written them as they came to him, and he is responsible only for the setting. But we take leave to tell him, that it is by no means every day that an editor can be found with the same judgment and careful appreciation, shown in the selection of these admirable tales. The form in which they appear is excellent, and their interest is increased by more than a score of full-page pictures by Church and Beard, those clever delineators of animals.

* *The Mate of the Daylight and Friends Ashore*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. 18mo, pp. 254. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Round About Rio*. By Frank D. Y. Carpenter. 12mo, pp. 475. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Company. 1884.

* *Night with Uncle Remus*. Myths and legends of the old plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris. With illustrations. 12mo, pp. 416. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1883.

Town Talk.

At all times of the year life in a great city presents sharp contrasts; but never so sharp as at midwinter, in a city with the climate of New York. The very rich and the very poor we have always with us, the former because in metropolitan life they get more enjoyment from their money, the latter because misery, even if not associated with crime, hides itself better amid a vast multitude, and nourishes itself on the hope of picking up some of the crumbs—however few—which may fall from the rich man's table. In summer, however, the distance which separates these two extremes of the social scale appears somewhat abridged. When the dog star is raging the great houses are closed. Their owners are away at country houses, or watering-places, or on the other side of the ocean. With their owners have gone the fine equipages, which cooler weather brings in abundance in streets and the park. The liveried groom no longer rides at the canonical distance behind his young mistress, and nothing meets the eye to excite the envy of the unfortunate, save the long rows of closed houses, giving little indication of the costly things within. In summer, too, human wants are less. Fuel and warm clothing are not needed, and a stomach partly empty can perhaps find some consolation in the open air, with its warmth and light. In moving about there are opportunities for the destitute to lay hands on a few pennies now and then and get a good meal.

But at midwinter all this is reversed. Then, what with stately mansions, open and brightly lit, with elegantly-dressed women driving about in costly carriages drawn by blooded horses, wealth seems to flaunt itself in the faces of the poor. Newspapers teem with accounts of magnificent entertainments at which the jewels of the ladies, the flowers, the decorations, the banquet, have cost a great sum. An opera-house is opened, in which the price of a single seat for a single night would make happy a man and his wife and two or three children for a week, while they could live for a year on the cost of a box for a season. The woman of fashion finds twenty-four hours too few for all the receptions, dinners, balls and theatre parties to which she bids or is bidden, and life is with her one unbroken round of gaiety. A crumpled rose-leaf makes her uneasy on her couch, and in the midst of her gay and luxurious existence she fancies that she belongs to quite a different order of beings from that of which the mendicant who asks for alms is one.

But the same midwinter which brings to the spoiled darlings of fortune so many things to pamper and delight, brings to hundreds in New York extreme suffering. The piercing cold makes it impossible for them to stay in the streets, and they huddle in wretched hovels, where a few lumps of coal serve to keep their blood from freezing and mitigate the pangs of an empty stomach, while with insufficient nourishment and clothing and warmth, perhaps, they fall ill, and then find refuge in a hospital, where, if they suffer, they at least are warm. For we, of the human race, depend for our existence on the sun, and without warmth and light, for at least a portion of the year, the race would soon become extinct. What wonder that this destitution leads to crime or that some commit crime simply to obtain food and lodging! It is in such schools are bred the burglar, the footpad, the sneak-thief and all the other criminals that infest a great city.

But it is a pleasure to know that in New York, at least, the gulf which separates the very rich from the very poor is by no means so deep and broad as many suppose. The kindly ministrations which those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods afford to their less fortunate brethren and sisters are not few. When fine ladies meet, talk is far from being always of dress and jewels, of receptions and entertainments. To devise ways to lighten the burden of those who stagger under a heavy load of misfortune, to help all those who need help without hurting their pride or self-respect, to aid those willing to labor in getting work, and to diminish the sum of human misery at our doors, occupies the time and thoughts of many who are regarded as simply butterflies of fashion, but who find enjoyment in these works of charity.

And trite as the observation is, it cannot be too often repeated, that within certain limits the money which is spent by the rich on their pleasures is better spent than if it were bestowed directly in alms-giving. For money spent on the pleasures of those who can afford it, gives employment to a vast army of people, who otherwise would either be without bread or have to pursue occupations of which the ranks are already overcrowded, and in which it is impossible for the best worker to get more than a scanty subsistence. But in devising plans for the pleasures of others, the ingenuity of the workers is stimulated; imagination and fancy, those noble elements of the human mind, have play; the sum

of beauty in the world is increased, and the workman, besides having his back clothed and his stomach filled, finds satisfaction in his work. Thus, after all, life at midwinter in New York has its compensations, and those who have a firm faith in the doctrine that "whatever is, is best," may boldly challenge the opponents of that doctrine to devise a scheme of human society, with fewer disadvantages than the scheme which is in operation about us.

It is not to the bench or bar that people usually look for poetry. The law is a very prosaic profession, and its nice distinctions and hard logic generally extinguish the imagination, although law-suits, not a few, are more dramatic than anything which is seen upon the stage. But there have been lawyers and judges who have been poets, and who have found relief from severer labors in building "the lofty rhyme." Most of them, however, have done it on the sly, as though a

knowledge that they were flirting with the Muses might affect unfavorably their professional character. But among these timid persons cannot be reckoned Judge Noah Davis. Doubtless, as he presides at General Term, the legal lights who argue weighty causes before him perceive nothing poetical in his dignified presence. And still less does the criminal, who regards the judge only as the embodiment of the stern rigor of the law, suppose that he delights in anything save passing sentences on transgressors. Yet even few of those who know how genial and delightful is His Honor in the hours when he unbends, suspect him of being a verse-maker. But how good a poet was spoiled in the judge is visible in "The Old Elm," to be found elsewhere in these pages. The tender and pathetic lines will be read with pleasure, not only for their grace and melody, but as a pleasant proof that some at least of our judiciary are men of letters as well as judges.

Salmagundi.

THE COAL-FIRE.

Come—we'll light the parlor fire,
Winter sets in sharp and rough.
Wood is dear—but coal's provided;
For three months, I think enough.
Bring one hod of Lackawanna,
One of Sidney's softer kind;
Mix them well—clap on the blower;
Let the grate outroar the wind.

See—they are coming—the guests I expected;
Not a man's party o'er punch and cigars.
Sexes must blend in the friends I've selected;
Moonlight must mellow the glittering stars.
Soon will it kindle, the blithe conversation;
Spirits to spirits responsively fit.
Men with their logic and grave moderation—
Women with sentiment, gossip and wit.

Now the softly flaming Sidney
Mixes with the Anthracite;
Quickens all its slow-paced ardor
With a fluttering glow and light.
While their heat and radiance blended
Flash in gleams of red and blue,
Filling all the room with sunshine,
Gaily sparkling up the flue.

Lonely was Adam till Eve came to cheer him,
Came to commingle her warmth with his light,
Man is a fossil till woman comes near him,
A rose on his briar, a moon to his night.
Then when the tenderer feminine color
Rims the hard stalk with its delicate gleams,
All his best life growing sweeter and fuller,
Wakes in the glow of those holier beams.

Hard and soft in cordial union
Now have fused, like molten wax;
Each a temper gives and borrows—
Each the half the other lacks.
Should they lose their flames and smolder
With a dull and sullen light,
Stir them up—the sparkling Sidney
Soon will start the Anthracite.

What—have my guests, then, exhausted their topics?
Why is this lull in the murmur of tongues?
Where is that breath from the flowery tropics?
Lead to the piano our empress of songs!
Music shall stir us to harmonies hidden—
Flooding to rapture like beakers of wine.
Stories shall move us to laughter unbidden—
Laughter like music is something divine!

Ah, 'tis midnight ! Are you going ?
 Parties will break up so soon.
 Count not hours so swiftly flowing,
 Heed not the high wintry moon.
 One more song before we sever,
 And the cinders turn to white ;
 One old story, good as ever !
 No ? Too late ? Ah, well—good-night !

Now they have gone with the pale dying em-
 bers,
 Here in my parlor still cosey and warm
 With the glow of the hearth, how my fancy re-
 members
 Each guest of the evening—each talent and
 charm ;
 The slow-burning fervors of masculine reason,
 The swift glancing flame of the feminine
 heart.
 And I vow that no fire shall be lit at this season
 But coal of each sex shall contribute its part.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

SONG OF THE CYCLONE.

Broad fields filled with ripening grain,
 Shaded hamlets, here and there,
 Thrush and robin's warbling strain,
 Breath of flower-perfumed air,
 Make the picture passing fair.

In the west, a fleecy cloud,
 Scarcely larger than the hand ;
 Fancy forms, in it, a shroud,
 On the vast horizon's strand,
 Hanging over Fairy-land.

In the air, a sobbing sound,
 As of mighty, tear-bound grief ;
 Wild-eyed cattle's startled bound ;
 On the tall trees, quivering leaf ;
 Reapers dropping half-wound sheaf !

Howling gusts of rushing wind,
 Crash of branch through sodden air,
 Creatures struck with terror, blind,
 Shattered homesteads here and there,
 In each heart, a dark despair !

Broad fields, stript of ripening grain,
 Gone the breath of perfumed air ;
 When the sun shines out again,
 Wreck and ruin everywhere ;
 Desolate, the scene, so fair !

FITZ HUGH LITTLEJOHN.

November 5, 1883.

AN OLD BACHELOR TO AN OLD MAID.

In early spring the song-birds sing
 This is Love's season. Soon shall spread
 A carpet green before his feet
 And crocuses and snowdrops bring
 A wreath to crown his lovely head—
 This is Love's season—sweet, sweet, sweet !

Then youths and maidens, while ye may,
 Your sweethearts choose before the light
 That shines on Spring-time shall retreat ;
 For once that light has passed away,
 Life knows again no hours so bright,
 So full of gladness—sweet, sweet, sweet !

Now I believe the birds are wrong—
 That is, not altogether right—
 Love may with partial eyes behold
 The spring, but yet the whole year long
 He smiles with tenderest delight
 On all true lovers, young and old.

And though your early summer's fled,
 And though my autumn's almost here,
 The lilies—blessed with love divine—
 Shall take the place of roses dead.

Will you consent to pluck them, dear,
 With me, and be my Valentine ?

MARGARET EYTINGE.

A VALENTINE.

(From the Swedish of Runeberg.)

All my heart was dark and dreary,
 Every flower was chilled and blighted,
 Till love's glowing flame so cheery
 Was by friendly angel lighted.

See the sun the darkness breaking,
 Through the farthest azure streameth ;
 Every sea and shore awaking,
 With a saintly halo gleameth.

So my heart thy love hath lighted
 After night so long and lonely ;
 Every flower awakes delighted,
 Blooming in thy sunlight only.

Love ! thou sun all night dispelling
 Without thy pure fountain near me ;
 Every day in darkness dwelling,
 Never one green leaf could cheer me.

Keep thy lamp forever shining
 In my heart, dear angel, friendly ;
 Then I'll bear, without repining,
 Every sorrow Heaven may send me.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.



She-
WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY GENTLE YOUTH?
He-
I'M GOING TO THE MATINEE FORBOTH.



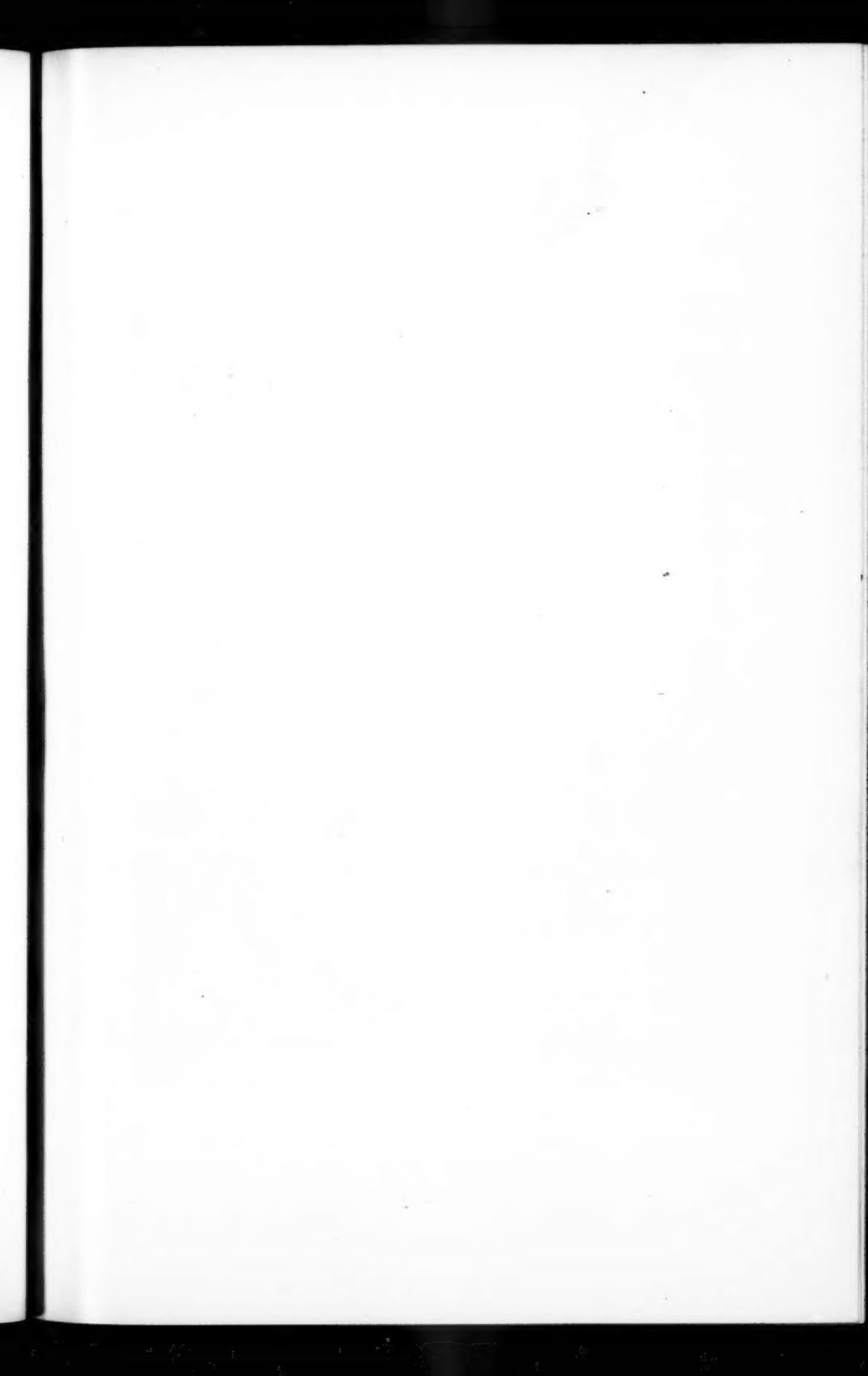
She-
MAY I GO WITH YOU MY GENTLE SIR?
He-
YOU CAN IF YOU PLEASE, HE ANSWERED HER.



She-
WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE? THEN SHE SAID,
He-
MY 'SHADE' IS MY FORTUNE GENTS MAID.



She-
THEN I CAN'T MARRY YOU SIR, SHE SIGHED.
He-
NOBODY ASKED YOU. HE REPLIED.





THE VASE (LA POTICHE)

From the Water-color by Mariano Fortuny, in the Gallery of Mr. J. Wilson, Paris.

Engraved by Frank French.